



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

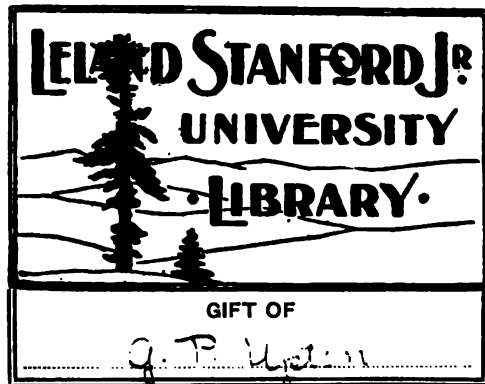
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

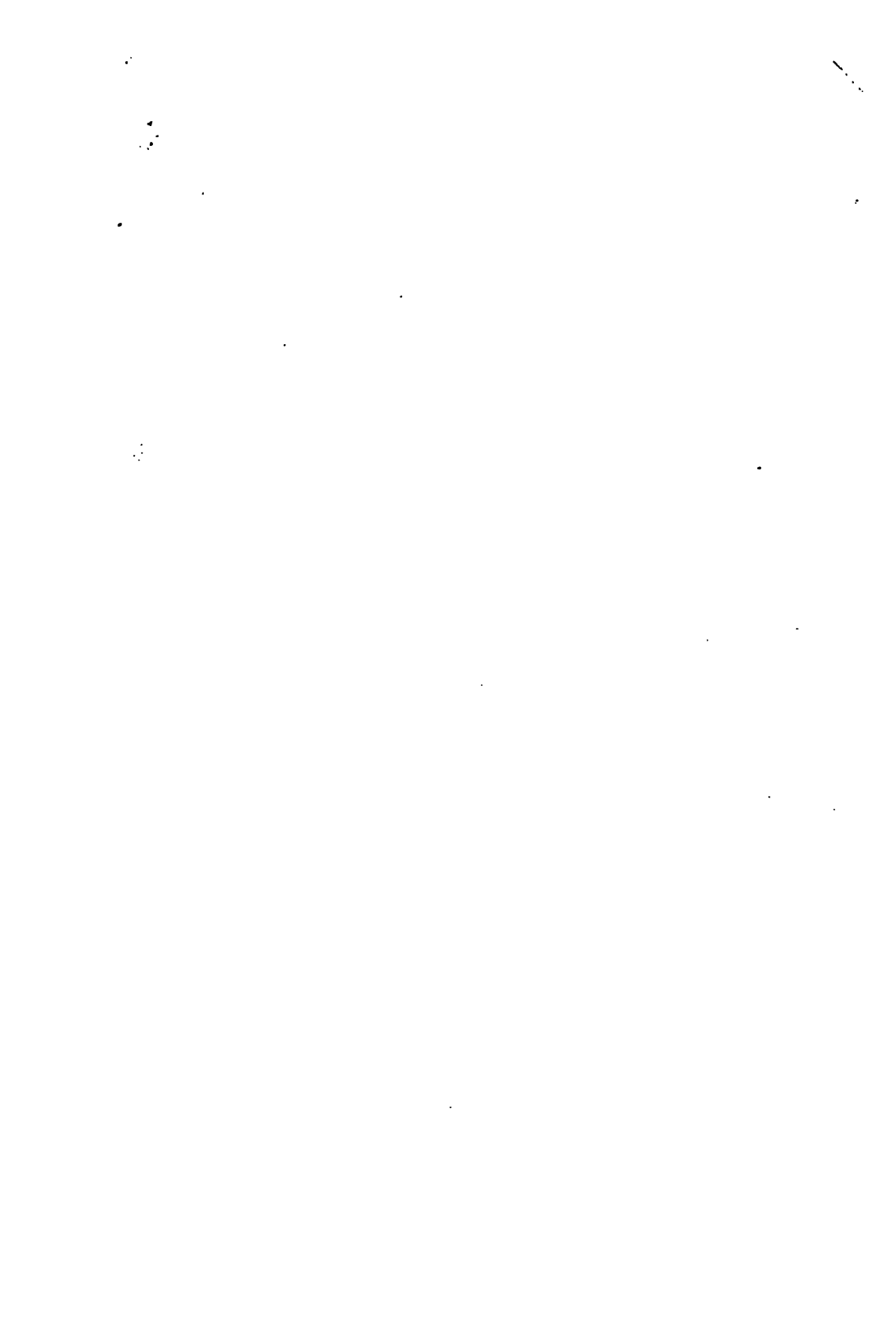
IN MUSIC LAND



GEORGE · P · UPTON









IN MUSIC LAND



2000



✠ The blind HANDEL led to the organ ✠

IN MUSIC LAND

A HANDBOOK FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY

GEORGE P. UPTON

Author of "The Standard Operas," etc.

Translator of "Life Stories for Young
People," "Memories," etc.

*WITH FRONTISPIECE IN COLOR
AND MANY OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS*

BY JAMES BLOOMFIELD



STANFORD

CHICAGO
BROWNE & HOWELL COMPANY
1913

100-1

ML393C

U71

COPYRIGHT, 1918
BY BROWNE & HOWELL COMPANY

Copyright in England
All rights reserved

PUBLISHED, OCTOBER, 1918

208219

Y9A98L1 09079AT2

THE PLIMPTON PRESS
NORWOOD, MASS., U.S.A.

ml 74

**THIS BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO
DOROTHY AND KATHERINE
ALICE AND MARTHA
AND TOM**



To My Little Friends

THE five youngsters to whom this book is dedicated were consulted by its writer to obtain a general idea of what they would most like to know about music; and he has followed their preferences in detail. In the form of stories told at the fireside, he has sought, as the Guide, to acquaint them with matters essential for them to know, as a preparation for their journey through Music Land, which they are just beginning. By the desire of all five, twelve of these stories were told for entertainment, and the remainder for an educational purpose. The Guide sought to tell them in as untechnical a manner as possible so that they might be intelligible to the young travelers, leaving technicalities to be acquired as they progressed on their journey. With the hope that many other children may join the Five and that the observations which the Guide has made during his half century in the enchanted land may be of value to them, this volume is submitted to their perusal.

GEORGE P. UPTON.

Chicago, September, 1913.

[vii]





CONTENTS

	PAGE
PRELUDE	ix
FIRST EVENING. —Boyhood of Bach—The Bach family— Johann's early studies—Purloins his brother's music— The orphan's first journey—The old man and the herrings —A friend in need—Frederick the Great honors Johann— His rise to greatness	3
SECOND EVENING. —The boyhood of Handel—The long struggle with his father—The smuggled harpsichord—The father outwitted—Handel becomes a musician—Stories of his temper—"The Messiah"	14
THIRD EVENING. —Boyhood of Haydn—Family concerts—How he left home—Sepperle and his drum—Maria Theresa has him punished—Poor and penniless—Better days—A Princess' patronage—His love of children—A grand ova- tion to "Papa"	25
FOURTH EVENING. —Boyhood of Mozart—Wolferl and his sister —A baby's music—Travels of the wonder children— Wolferl at court—An adventure with Marie Antoinette— Wolferl rebukes Madame de Pompadour—The Pope and "The Miserere"—A funny letter	41
FIFTH EVENING. —Boyhood of Beethoven—A sad birthday— The drunken father—His trials at home—The walk in the woods—Meets a friend—The Breuning family—The visit to the monastery—Meets Mozart—Mozart's prediction— How it was verified	58
SIXTH EVENING. —Boyhood of Weber—"Der Freyschütz"— "Oberon"—"Invitation to the Dance"—A dissipated father —Early lessons—Troubles increase—Strange duties as	

CONTENTS

	PAGE
private secretary — Arrested by a king — Brighter days — Founder of German opera	69
SEVENTH EVENING.—Boyhood of Schubert — A serenade reminiscence — Early Struggles — Life at "The Konvict" — Poor and hungry — How he wrote his songs — His love for Beethoven — A sad life-story	80
EIGHTH EVENING.—Boyhood of Mendelssohn — Felix and Fanny — A happy family — Felix and Goethe — Travels — Garden concerts — The "Midsummer Nights' Dream" overture — The "Wedding March" — Death of Fanny — A charmed life	91
NINTH EVENING.—Boyhood of Schumann — His struggle to become a musician — Injures his hand in piano practice — Becomes a composer — Story of Blondel — The last sad years — Attempted suicide — Dies in an asylum	100
TENTH EVENING.—Boyhood of Liszt — Devoted to the piano — Becomes a wonder child — Travels all over Europe with his father — Kissed by Beethoven — Great favorite with the ladies — The idol of Paris — Story of "Don Sancho" — How Franz became an abbé	111
ELEVENTH EVENING.—Boyhood of Wagner — Romantic music-dramas — His love of the theater — Writes astonishing tragedies — Early dissipation — Gambling mania — His fear of ghosts — A new life — Struggles with neglect, poverty and bitter enemies — Overcomes them all — Final triumph	119
TWELFTH EVENING.—Boyhood of Verdi — Passion for hand-organs — Quarrel with his spinet — A sad adventure at mass — Becomes an organist — Secures good friends — Is sent to Milan to study — Conservatory refuses him admittance — Becomes Italy's greatest operatic composer	131
THIRTEENTH EVENING.—A Famous Battle of the Fairies and the Elves	140
FOURTEENTH EVENING.—Origin and structure of the opera, oratorio, symphony, sonata, symphonic poem, concerto, chamber music and minor forms	151
FIFTEENTH EVENING.—The orchestra — Its origin — The classic orchestras — The conductor, concert master and librarian — String, wood-wind, brass and percussion sections — Description of instruments	168
SIXTEENTH EVENING.—Dictionary of Terms	193
POSTLUDE	199



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Decorative Heading, Prelude	ix
Decorative Heading	xiii
Decorative Heading	xv
Birthplace of Bach	3
Portrait of Bach	7
Birthplace of Handel	14
Portrait of Handel	17
Birthplace of Haydn	25
Portrait of Haydn	29
Birthplace of Mozart	41
Music Written by Mozart When Six Years Old	44
Portrait of Mozart	47
Mozart's Good-night Tune	52
Birthplace of Beethoven	58
Portrait of Beethoven	63
Birthplace of Weber	69
Portrait of Weber	73
Birthplace of Schubert	80
Portrait of Schubert	83
Birthplace of Mendelssohn	91

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Portrait of Mendelssohn	95
Birthplace of Schumann	100
Portrait of Schumann	105
Birthplace of Liszt	111
Portrait of Liszt	114
Birthplace of Wagner	119
Portrait of Wagner	123
Birthplace of Verdi	131
Portrait of Verdi	135
Heading, A Famous Battle of the Fairies and the Elves	140
Decorative Heading, Musical Forms	151
Decorative Heading, The Orchestra	168
The Violin	169
The Double Bass	169
The Oboe	171
The Alto Oboe, or English Horn	171
The Bassoon	173
The Clarinet	173
The Bass Clarinet	173
The Horn	175
The Trumpet	177
The Tuba	181
The Trombone	183
The Saxophone	183
The Flute	187
The Harp	189
Heading, Dictionary of Terms	193
Decorative Heading, Postlude	199



PRELUDE

THERE were six of us,—Dorothy, Katherine, Alice, Martha Tom, and the Guide—all good comrades, all lovers of music. Five of us at the gates of Music Land, one who had been a traveler in that enchanted region for fifty years. Five of us with life all before them, the Guide with life stretching back to a dim and distant horizon. Five of us with the rising sun casting their shadows in front of them as they climbed the hill slowly but joyously, the Guide with the setting sun casting his shadow



PRELUDE

behind him, as he swiftly but contentedly neared the foot of the hill. Five of us with eager anticipation of the years to come, the Guide with joyous memories of the years that had gone.

The Five used to gather by the Guide's fire-side in the long winter evenings and listen to his stories of that Music Land in which he had roamed so many years, trusting that they might gain some idea of what had happened during the centuries past in that new country they were about to enter. And once when the Guide asked the Five what they most wished to hear, with one accord they replied that first they were longing to be entertained with stories of some of the great composers, where and when they lived, what they did when they were children like themselves, what manner of life they led in their homes, and what were the opportunities and influences that made them great in their after years. Thereupon it was decided the Guide should tell the Five in simple style, these as well as other

[x]

PRELUDE

things essential to know, so that when they entered Music Land and began the long journey, they should not be utter strangers, unacquainted with the way.

Having reached this mutual understanding, the Guide announced he would tell them, one on each evening, the stories of the childhood and youth of twelve of the famous composers, beginning with that of Johann Sebastian Bach, the father of modern music. So, on the first evening the fire was stirred up to a livelier, cheerier blaze, the nuts and apples, which are the essential accompaniments to every story, were brought in, and the Guide began the story of JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.



IN MUSIC LAND





FIRST EVENING—BACH

Boyhood of Bach—The Bach family—Johann's early studies—Purloins his brother's music—The orphan's first journey—The old man and the herrings—A friend in need—Frederick the Great honors Johann—His rise to greatness.

TWO hundred and twenty-eight years ago there was born at Eisenach in Germany, where Martin Luther lived so long, a boy named Johann Sebastian Bach. He belonged to a family of Bachs who had been



IN MUSIC LAND

musicians for many years. He himself had twenty children, every one of whom was a musician, and at one time there were over a hundred Bachs who played church organs, some of whom also wrote sacred music. "Bach," in German, means "brook," but this brook did not "go on forever," as the poet says, for there is not one of the large family left. It was the custom of Ambrosius, Johann's father, like all the other Bach fathers, to have family gatherings, and on these occasions the boys and girls as well as the grown up Bachs used to sing the simple but stately old German hymns and chorales. Little Johann, who had a quick ear for music, soon learned them and joined in the singing. In those old days also, the children of Eisenach often sang in the village streets and the people gave them pocket money. As soon as Johann could toddle about, he joined these little minstrels, as his father had done before him.

As soon as Johann was big enough to hold a

FIRST EVENING—BACH

violin his father gave him music lessons, but in his ninth year both his father and mother died, and Johann no longer had his happy home or the delights of the little home concerts. He went to live with his oldest brother, Johann Christoph, and studied the clavier with him.

“What is a clavier?” piped up Martha.

“‘Clavier’ is the German word for piano, but it means also any instrument with a keyboard.”

Well, Johann progressed finely with his clavier lessons, and so rapidly indeed, that he was soon dissatisfied with his brother’s teaching and wanted to study higher music. His brother was very much displeased with him. He wanted him to be just an ordinary village organist like himself and so many others of the family. Indeed he was very unjust to him in many ways.

“In what ways?” asked

“Well, I will tell you just one thing he did,” said the Guide.

He had some old organ music which Johann



IN MUSIC LAND

was very eager to see but his brother refused him permission and locked it up in a kind of cabinet or cupboard which had a wire door. One night Johann managed to get his little fingers between the wires, pulled the music out, a sheet at a time, and took it to his little room in the attic. As his brother did not miss it, Johann kept it and copied it by moonlight. He was over six months finishing it and severely strained his eyes. When he was very old he went blind, probably because of this moonlight work. At last his brother found out what he had done and took not only the original sheets but Johann's copy away from him.

"I think Johann Christoph was a mean, jealous man," said Alice, with a fine show of indignation.

"He may have been, like most of the Bachs, a poor, hard working man without much hope of ever rising above the position of village organist," said the Guide, "and probably thought

FIRST EVENING—BACH

Johann Sebastian was aiming much higher than he could reach.'

In any event Johann Christoph died shortly



JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

after this and our Johann was again homeless. Another brother had gone to Sweden, all his uncles were dead, and his cousins were very poor. On the day of his brother's funeral the cousins discussed what they should do with the orphan.



IN MUSIC LAND

Greatly to their surprise Johann told them he was not going to be a burden to them and intended to leave the next day to seek his fortune. All he asked for was his copy of the organ music and an old box in which he kept his Christmas money. The cousins told him he ought to stay at home and be a village musician, but he was so determined to go that at last they reluctantly consented and gave him not only the music and the Christmas box but also a violin that had been his brother's, and much good but cheap advice. There was another boy in the village, named Erdmann, who was his most intimate friend and playmate, and as he was going to see his uncle at Lüneburg the next day, the two lads planned to go together. That night Johann packed his little possessions, which he could easily carry under his arm, and then went to sleep and you may be sure he had pleasant dreams. He was only a poor little, unknown village boy that night, but the next morning he was on his way to make his

FIRST EVENING—BACH

name known and respected all over the world for centuries to come.

“What did he dream about?” asked Dorothy.

“I do not know,” replied the Guide, “but I think he dreamed of some mighty Passion music, and of organists hundreds of years later playing his majestic fugues, which some day you will hear, because his music will never die.”

The two lads started away bright and early and after a seven days' wagon ride arrived at Lüneburg. Johann was kindly welcomed by Erdmann's uncle and became a great favorite with him. He secured him a position in a boy choir and in payment for his singing he was allowed a seat at the free dining-table of the chapel. He was given lessons and he sometimes earned a few pennies by singing at weddings and funerals. He was also permitted to play on the little chapel organ and one day he had a rare treat, for he bribed the organ blower to let him into the tower and there he heard the regular



IN MUSIC LAND

organist play. It was the most joyous moment of his life and aroused his determination to become a great musician. While in Lüneburg, he lost his voice but he was allowed to remain in the chapel and have the privileges of a free scholarship in consideration of his teaching the very young pupils.

One day, Erdmann, who had been to the great city of Hamburg, came back and told of hearing a very famous organist, named Reinken, play in the cathedral. Johann at once resolved to hear him. He got leave of absence for Sunday and Monday and started for Hamburg on Saturday, having to walk the whole distance of twenty-five miles. He reached the city safe but very tired and he heard Reinken play. He was so carried away that he forgot all about his chapel duties and over-stayed his time. At last he started back with only a few pennies in his pocket, and desperately hungry. On his way he came to a tavern where they were preparing a dinner for a big

FIRST EVENING—BACH

company. He ventured in and begged the tavern keeper to give him a herring and a slice of bread, but poor Johann was peremptorily ordered out of the tavern. He sat down by the roadside in despair, for he was footsore and well-nigh exhausted by hunger, when all of a sudden a window opened above him and he saw the kindly face of an old man, who not only smiled at him but threw down a little parcel. Johann eagerly opened it and found two rolls and two herrings. When he opened the herrings with his pocket-knife, he discovered a ducat in each one of them.

Katherine clapped her hands. "Wasn't he rich?"

Doubtless he felt rich. He wanted to thank the kind old man but the window was suddenly shut and Johann never knew who he was. At last he got back to the chapel and then he had to settle for overstaying his time but it didn't cost him much, for the chapelmaster only gave him a good scolding and then forgave him. Johann



IN MUSIC LAND

stayed at the chapel three years and then went to the Duke's Chapel at Vienna, as a violinist. You see he was rising fast. He didn't have to depend any longer upon herrings thrown out of windows by kindly old gentlemen. At that time he was seventeen years of age. He next got a position at Arnstadt as organist and then he was come of age and entered upon his life career.

It is sad to tell you that he was buried in Leipsic almost like a pauper and no stone was placed at the grave of this immortal musician. No one knows now where he rests. The Bible says, "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings." When Bach had become famous all over Germany, though he was living very modestly and almost obscurely in Leipsic, the Emperor Frederick the Great, who was very fond of music and played the flute quite well, ordered him to come to court. You know Emperors at that time could order anybody round. Bach arrived at the palace in his every-

FIRST EVENING—BACH

day clothes which were dusty and stained with travel. The courtiers in their gay uniforms must have taken him for some old farmer or tramp, and were about to order him away, but when Frederick espied him he shouted: "Stand back, a greater than all of you is here. Welcome, Johann Sebastian Bach." Some day, children, you will hear his majestic chorales and grand fugues and understand why he was great. And always remember these words of his. He was asked at one time how he had become great. He replied: "I was obliged to be industrious. Whoever will be equally industrious will succeed well." As you grow older, children, I think you will come to the conclusion that much of what is called genius is only the capacity for good, honest, hard work. And this is specially true of music. There is no easy road to it. Whether you have an aptitude for it or not, you will have to work long and hard to succeed.



SECOND EVENING—HANDEL

The boyhood of Handel—The long struggle with his father
—The smuggled harpsichord—The father outwitted—
Handel becomes a musician—Stories of his temper—
“The Messiah.”

THE Five were promptly in their places by the fire on the second evening. Outside, the air was crisp and cold and full of snow-flakes, little white messengers heralding

SECOND EVENING—HANDEL

the advent of Christmas. So the Guide decided to tell them about Handel, because his greatest work, "The Messiah," has become an impressive feature of the Christmas season in many places.

George Frederick Handel was born in Halle, Saxony, in 1685, the same year in which Johann Sebastian Bach first saw the light. His father was a surgeon and barber. In the old days barbers often practiced surgery, and the barbers' poles you now see on the streets are evidences of this fact, for the legend says the red on the poles means blood and the white, lather. Little is known about his mother. You thought, Alice, that Johann's brother was mean but you will think that George Frederick's father was meaner still. The boy showed a great love of music almost in his baby days. When he was very little he used to listen with delight to the ringing of the church bells and crowed with joy when he heard the chorales sung up in the church tower on feast days.



IN MUSIC LAND

“Why were they sung in the tower?” asked Martha.

“It was the custom in the old days,” said the Guide, “and it is still kept up in many parts of Germany—to have chorales sung and sometimes to have trumpets played in the church towers on certain holidays, and the effect is very beautiful as the music seems to come down from the sky.”

At Christmas time, when George Frederick was old enough to toddle about, whenever he had toy trumpets or whistles given him by friends, instead of blowing on them just to make a noise, as you used to do, Tom, he tried to play regular tunes on them, and when other children came to visit him they would make a little orchestra, with George Frederick for leader. His father, however, disapproved of this, for he regarded music as a very low kind of sport and wanted his son to be a lawyer. Rather strange, don't you think, for a barber? When he found how the little Frederick was using his toy instruments he took

SECOND EVENING—HANDEL

them all away from him. He wouldn't allow any kind of music to be played in the house nor would he permit him to go to any place where he might



GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

hear it. He even kept him out of school so that he should not be taught music. George Frederick had a very violent temper all his life, and he was a good fighter. So it happened when he reached boyhood a struggle began. His father was determined he should be a lawyer but George



IN MUSIC LAND

Frederick determined he would not. You will soon see who came out ahead.

Fortunately, George Frederick had an aunt who sympathized with him. The two put their heads together and succeeded in smuggling an old harpsichord into the attic.

“What is a harpsichord?” said Katherine.

“The harpsichord was great grandfather of your piano, my dear. It was a stringed instrument with a keyboard and the keys were attached to levers, or sticks of wood, called jacks, which struck the strings.”

Fortunately the harpsichord did not make much noise and George Frederick could play on it when his father was asleep without waking him. One day his father had to go to the Ducal Court, where his grandson was in some kind of service, and the boy begged his father to let him go too, but he refused, fearing probably that he might hear music there. But George Frederick was not to be put off in that way. As soon as he

SECOND EVENING—HANDEL

saw the carriage start, he followed after it afoot. As he had good sturdy legs he kept up with it for quite a distance but at last the carriage stopped and the culprit was discovered panting and covered with dust. His father began to chide him but George Frederick renewed his entreaties so urgently and was evidently so determined to go anyway, that his father, rather than have a scene in the street, took him in. When they arrived at the palace and his father's attention was otherwise engaged, what did crafty George Frederick do but quietly start out of his room and make his way to the Duke's Chapel where he had heard there was a fine organ. So while his father and the Duke were discussing how to make a lawyer out of him, the boy coaxed the organ-blower to let him play. A little later, and while his father was talking with his grandson, the Duke went out to walk in the garden, and hearing the organ, entered the chapel where, much to his surprise, he found the little fellow



IN MUSIC LAND

perched upon the bench, playing away in blissful unconsciousness of everything but his music. The Duke was delighted and when the little organist finished playing he not only filled his pocket with money but told his father he must help him to study music, for he was going to be a great musician. As the father did not care to disagree with the Duke, he agreed that the boy should have a musical education. So when they returned home he allowed him to take lessons of the cathedral organist. In a very short time he knew more than his teacher and his father let him go to Berlin, where he studied for some time with famous teachers. And now happened a pleasant little incident which shows that although he had no intention of ever giving up music he still had great respect for his father's wishes. While in Berlin, he entered the University and actually studied law, though not very faithfully. Shortly after this, his father died and George Frederick had to look out for

SECOND EVENING—HANDEL

himself. He went to Hamburg and played in a theater orchestra, earning enough money to take him to Italy where he began composing operas and other music and entered upon his famous career.

We will leave him here for he is now a young man, but perhaps you would like to know how he looked when he was grown up. Mr. Burney, who wrote a history of music, once played in an orchestra under his leadership, and he describes him as a tall, portly, dignified man, with a very pleasant smile when he felt in good humor. He wore a great white wig, which bobbed up and down when things went to suit him, but if it stopped bobbing, it showed that he was angry, and he could get pretty angry. One day a very silly person, thinking it would be a good joke, untuned all the instruments in the orchestra which caused a horrible noise when the players began. This made Handel so furious that he knocked the double bass player over, and seized



IN MUSIC LAND

one of the kettle-drums and threw it at the first violin player. When he was giving concerts in London, the Princess of Wales, who was a great favorite with him, always went and of course had quite a number of ladies of the court with her. These ladies, who knew very little about music, would insist upon talking. Whenever this occurred he would turn toward the box and actually swear at them. The ladies naturally were very indignant but the Princess always took his part and rebuked them, and she could always silence them by telling them that Handel was angry and that when he got very angry he did dreadful things. Why! he might even throw kettledrums at them! A famous tenor of that time told him that one of his songs was not suited to his voice, whereupon Handel thundered at him: "You donkey, do I not know what is best for you?" There was also a lady who used to sing in his operas and who had a temper almost as bad as his own. One day she refused to sing

SECOND EVENING—HANDEL

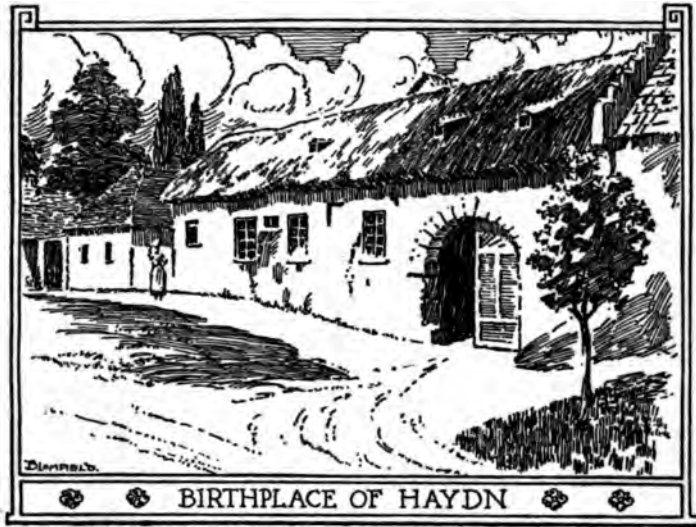
one of his songs. He turned upon her and said: "I know you are a devil, but I will have you know I am Beelzebub, prince of all the devils." With that he rushed at her, threatening to throw her out of the window. As he was very much in earnest, she decided to sing. On another occasion he was playing an accompaniment for a tenor singer who kept finding fault with him and at last swore he would jump on the harpsichord and smash it. This time Handel kept his temper and quietly remarked: "Let me know when you are going to jump, and I will advertise it, for I am sure more people will come to see you jump than to hear you sing."

Handel died in 1759, fourteen years after his oratorio, "The Messiah," was first given. That was one hundred and sixty-eight years ago, but it will be given this year at Christmas, and I propose we celebrate the day by going to the concert for I would like you to hear what the boy who wouldn't be a lawyer did in music.



IN MUSIC LAND

And the Five voted unanimously to be his guest and hear the beautiful Pastoral of "The Shepherd Abiding on the Plain" and the stately "Hallelujah" to "The Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."



THIRD EVENING—HAYDN

Boyhood of Haydn—Family concerts—How he left home—
Sepperle and his drum—Maria Therese has him punished
—Poor and penniless—Better days—A Prince's patron-
age—His love of children—A grand ovation to "Papa."

THE third evening came in the holiday vacation time. It was bitter cold. A snowstorm was raging without and the wind was howling like a pack of dogs. As the Guide sat by the fire enjoying its companionship



IN MUSIC LAND

and comfort on such a wild night, and pitying forlorn, fireless wanderers, the Five stormed into the apartment, stamping their feet, shaking snow from their wraps and chattering like sparrows at sundown. He gathered from their babel of talk that the skating would be fine on the morrow and dancing parties were looming large on the social horizon—in short, that the winter season was opening in brilliant style. And the Guide, toasting his shins by the fire, wondered at the effervescent life of the red-cheeked, snow-covered group and conjured up a fleeting vision of a time way back in the morning of life when he too revelled in the first snow and laughed at the cold. After he had succeeded in quieting the hilarious Five, and they were in their customary places, he told them he was glad to find them in a cheerful mood for he was going to tell them the story of the great musician who was always cheerful and who dearly loved children.

His name was Joseph Haydn. He was cheer-

THIRD EVENING—HAYDN

ful notwithstanding he had an unhappy home and a nagging wife and never had children of his own. But all the people of Austria and Germany, from his day to this, must have been his children, for they always speak of him as "Papa Haydn."

Joseph was born in 1732 at Rohrau, a squalid little village in Austria. It had but one street of any length and that was bordered on each side by clay cabins with thatched roofs, but the house of Joseph's father had a wooden roof and was considered quite palatial, though the lower part of it was a wagonshop. His father was a wheelwright and his mother had been cook in a count's family, and they were poor, like all their neighbors. But Joseph was very proud of his humble birthplace, and many years afterwards, when he had become a great and famous man, he came back to Rohrau one day just to see the old house, and when he reached the doorstep, he knelt down and kissed it. Do you wonder



IN MUSIC LAND

that people loved him? In that little cabin, for it was not much better than a cabin, there were twelve children, but Joseph was the brightest of them all. His father played the harp, his mother was a good singer, and as most of the children could sing they used to have home concerts every Sunday, in which they sang folk-songs to their father's harp accompaniment. Little Sepperle, that was Joseph's home name, took a very active part in these concerts, both as critic, conductor and performer. He frequently criticised his father's time and tune, and corrected the other singers. As he had a delightful voice, he became a kind of choir master. It was one of his greatest joys to imitate the schoolmaster, who played the violin, by sawing with a stick upon a piece of wood fastened to his shoulder. This schoolmaster was very fond of him and told his parents he ought to be a musician but his mother wanted him to be a minister. You will notice in these stories that the parents

THIRD EVENING—HAYDN

of the famous musicians were always determined their children should be ministers, doctors or lawyers. But fortunately they did not always succeed.



JOSEPH HAYDN

“Don’t you think such a good man would have made a good minister?” said Dorothy, who was very fond of church going.

“I am afraid a very great musician would



IN MUSIC LAND

have been spoiled to make a very ordinary minister," the Guide replied.

Well, the parents had a great many talks about the matter and frequently urged Sepperle to give up music and prepare himself for the church. But Sepperle was very obstinate, for he was determined to be a musician. One day, a relative, named Frankl, who was a fine musician, came to the house and was entertained with one of the home concerts. The moment he heard Sepperle sing, he urged his parents to let him study and at last they consented, although his mother was bitterly disappointed. It was a great day for Sepperle when he left his home. He was dressed in a new suit and his father borrowed one of the neighbor's wagons to take him to Hamburg, where he was to study. All the children as well as the grown people of the village were in the street to see him go, and when the priest had given him his blessing, away rode Sepperle out into the big world to the music of

THIRD EVENING—HAYDN

the villagers' cheers and envied by all the little people, who went back to their mud cabins, wondering what would become of Sepperle, all alone in a big city. When he got to Hamburg he began studying and singing and violin playing.

You would never guess how he made his first public appearance. It was Holy Week and there was to be a big procession and he was allowed to play the drum. As he was resolved to be very proficient he practiced in his room upon a meal basket with a cloth cover for the drum-head. He whacked away so vigorously that he soon not only powdered himself but everything in the room with meal dust. When it came to the day of the procession he was in high feather, but his feathers drooped a little when they gave him his drum, for he found it was too big for him to carry. But the bandleader contrived a way out for him. The drum was strapped upon a hunchback and Sepperle proudly marched behind, pounding on it.



IN MUSIC LAND

"That was rough on the hunchback," cried Tom.

"Oh, no! They say he was prouder than Sepperle, for he was the observed of all observers and a whole flock of boys followed him, wishing they had his place."

At last, Sepperle attracted the attention of the chapelmaster by the sweetness of his singing, and when he found he could sing at sight he was admitted to the singing class of the cathedral. He now lived in the Chapel House and became a universal favorite among the children because of his good nature, his most intimate friend being a boy named Spangler. He studied very hard and began writing little pieces, but notwithstanding his studiousness he was very mischievous and played all sorts of tricks upon the other boys. At last Maria Theresa, the Empress, took such a fancy to him that he became a special favorite of hers. One day, however, he incurred her displeasure. She was having a

THIRD EVENING—HAYDN

summer house built at Schönbrunn, where the boys often went for a holiday's pleasuring. They were in the habit of climbing on the scaffolding and when she found it out, she forbade them to do it any more, because it was dangerous. One day she was there, and hearing a great noise, found the boys on the scaffolding following Sepperle who, as usual, was the ring leader. The Empress sent for the schoolmaster and ordered him to give Sepperle a good whipping, which he did. Years afterward he thanked the Empress for this first mark of her favor. The whipping did not have much effect, however. He continued his mischievous pranks and once in the schoolroom he cut off the queues of the boys in front of him. The boys in this school used to wear wigs with a kind of pig-tail hanging from them. This time, Sepperle not only got another whipping but, as his voice was beginning to fail him, he was dismissed and turned out into the street, penniless and homeless with



IN MUSIC LAND

nothing but the clothes on his back. Even the Empress seemed to have forgotten him. Poor little Sepperle wandered about and at last, tired and hungry, sat down on a bench in the park and went to sleep. He had not slept long when he was suddenly awakened by a young man and found it was his school chum, Spangler. He told him of his trouble and said he was going back to Rohrau. Spangler urged him not to do so and took him home with him, the home being a wretched garret. Spangler was almost as poor as Sepperle and the two boys had a hard time of it. One day he heard that the monks of a monastery nearby had very good dinners. He promptly decided to become a monk and started for the monastery with the intention of giving up music. On the way, however, he heard some music in a house by the roadside which roused all his old ambition. He plucked up fresh courage and turned back. He got through the winter in a miserable kind of way by writing arrange-

THIRD EVENING—HAYDN

ments for instruments and playing the violin for dances. One day he had quite a streak of good fortune. He encountered a procession of pilgrims going to a convent, twelve miles away, joined them, and on arriving there, went to the chapel, introduced himself as a choir boy and asked permission to sing. The monks were so delighted that they gave him a fine dinner and kept him eight days. Then he went back to Spangler's and although he had had three big meals a day for eight days he soon got hungry again and, worst of all, had no money with which to purchase food. One day as he was strolling through the streets, wondering what was to become of him, he met a violinist, named Keller, whom he knew, and told him of his sad plight. Keller took him to his uncle, who was a hairdresser, and very fond of music. The hairdresser lent him money enough to get lodgings in an attic and buy an old worm-eaten piano. He used to practice on this in the daytime and



IN MUSIC LAND

play serenades on the street at night. One night he serenaded an actor, who was so delighted with his playing, that he invited him in and kept him several days and also engaged him to write music for a play, for which he paid him quite liberally. Soon after this he got a position with a great musician named Porpora, who gave him lessons for which Sepperle paid by doing the work of a servant. Notwithstanding his many troubles and his hard life with Porpora he never lost his love for music or his sense of humor. He organized a little band and one night after everyone was in bed gave the town a funny serenade. He ordered each one of his players to play his favorite tune as loud as he could. When they began, the noise was awful and the drummer, who had no tune to play, simply beat his drum with all the strength he had. At last the infuriated people began rushing out of their houses and chased the serenaders off, after vainly trying to catch them. All of them escaped except the

THIRD EVENING—HAYDN

unlucky drummer, whose drum was so heavy that he could not run with it. He was the only one who was punished, for it was not known who the others were.

Now there were happy days in store for Sepperle though he married and had a very unhappy home. He found service at last with Prince Esterhazy, a patron of music, and this was a great consolation, for the prince kept a large orchestra, of which Sepperle became the leader; and this prince was his friend all the rest of his life.

He was very fond of children. Whenever he went out he would fill his pockets with candy for them and they universally called him "Papa Haydn." Once he was in a country village where they were holding a fair. As he walked along he saw two or three children buying musical toys, and several others watching them with envious eyes, for they were too poor to buy anything. What did Papa Haydn do but buy the



IN MUSIC LAND

whole stock and distribute it among the little people! More than this, he went home and celebrated the occasion by writing a symphony which gave his impressions of the fair, the music being written for toy instruments, such as whistles, cymbals, drums, tambourines and instruments imitating bird calls. Then he ordered his orchestra to assemble for the rehearsal of a very important work. The musicians began it as if it were something serious, but as they got into it, it became so funny that they broke down with laughter. This orchestra, as you have been told, was owned and paid by Prince Esterhazy, and one year he kept the players, who were anxious to go home, very late. Haydn told them he would help them. So he wrote a symphony and at a certain passage two of the players took their candles and went out. In this way all went out in pairs, until only Haydn and the Prince were left. Haydn himself then took his candle and went out, leaving

THIRD EVENING—HAYDN

the Prince in the dark. The Prince took the hint and next day told Haydn the players might close the season and go home. This is called the "Farewell Symphony." Then there is another, called the "Surprise Symphony." He gave this in London and all the nobility went to hear it but, alas, some of them, who had eaten hearty dinners, went to sleep and added some disagreeable music of their own in a soft passage of the work. Haydn heard them and when he came to another soft passage he gave the drummer a signal; which resulted in such a tremendous crash, that it woke the sleepers, much to their shame.

You have seen little Sepperle wandering homeless and penniless and hungry in the city streets. He has become a very old man and has written a great oratorio called "The Creation." A performance of it is about to be given in Vienna. The auditorium is crowded with the nobility, great musicians and artists, and leading



IN MUSIC LAND

citizens. Prince Esterhazy's carriage drives up to the Opera House door. A venerable man, dressed in silk waistcoat, white silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, his neck protected by a silk handkerchief with gold clasps, his breast covered with medals and decorations, steps feebly down from the carriage and is assisted into the Opera House. As he enters, there is a grand fanfare of trumpets. The great audience rises to its feet and shouts, "Long live Papa Haydn!" The band plays the beautiful Emperor's Hymn which Haydn wrote, as he ascends to a seat on the stage in the midst of the royal family. But the demonstration is too much for him. He only remains a short time after the performance begins, and not long after this he died, lamented and loved by everybody.



FOURTH EVENING—MOZART

Boyhood of Mozart—Wolferl and his sister—A baby's music—Travel of the Wonder Children—Wolferl at Court—An adventure with Marie Antoinette—Wolferl rebukes Madame de Pompadour—The Pope and "The Miserere"—A funny letter.

UNQUESTIONABLY, it was the holiday season. There could not be a doubt of it. Tom, that healthy young



IN MUSIC LAND

athlete, came limping in and confessed to a pair of sore shins achieved in a game of hockey on the ice, and was very proud of them, of course. The girls were arrayed in new muffs, long white furs, bracelets and necklaces, recent fruits of the Christmas Tree, and were exchanging much hilarious gossip anent parties they had attended and the chevaliers they had danced with. It was a very invigorating spectacle for the Guide, just tinged, however, with a little sadness, for there is no surer measure of the flight of time than the way children shoot up and fill out, like growing saplings, while the aged wither and shiver and crackle, like old leafless trees in the winter wind. But it was the night of nights to tell them a story of the brightest, cheeriest and in many ways the most wonderful little genius that ever flitted through Music Land, and of his charming little sister, for the pair were inseparable.

When this little fellow was born at Salzburg,

FOURTH EVENING—MOZART

in 1756, his parents gave him a name almost as long as himself—Johannes Chrysostom Sigismund Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. To make it still more complicated, they used to change the Amadeus into Theophilus, and sometimes into Gottlieb, but both mean “God loving,” the same as Amadeus.

“What did they call him for short?” said Martha.

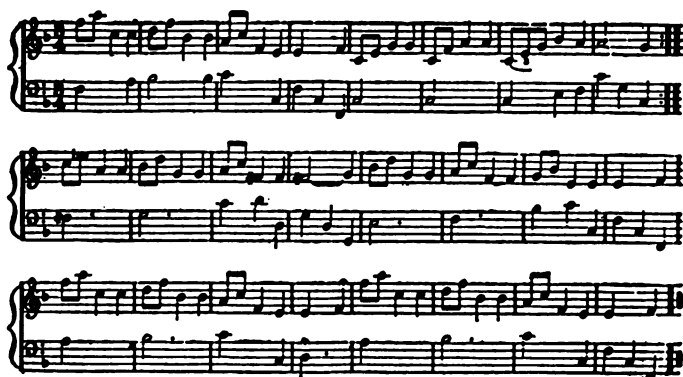
“His home name was Wolferl and sometimes Wolfgangerl.”

Wolferl’s father, Leopold, was a musician, and his mother, Marie Anna, was very pretty, and what the Germans call a “Hausfrau,” or “housekeeper,” as we would say. They had seven children, but only Wolferl and his sister, who was five years older than he, lived to grow up. She was named for her mother, but Wolferl always called her by the pretty name of Nannerl. When she was eight years old, her father began giving her lessons. Wolferl, who was then only three,

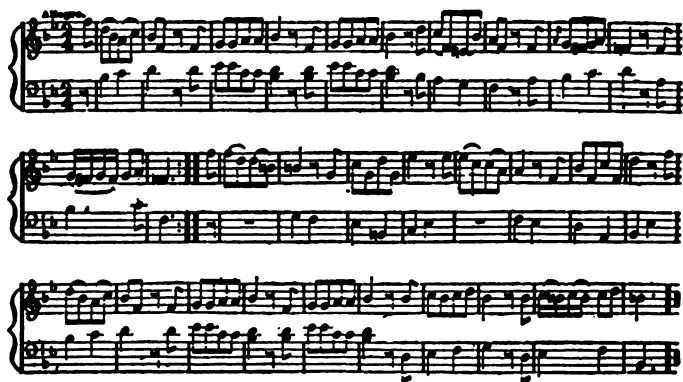
IN MUSIC LAND

watched them with great interest and one day
astonished his father by climbing upon the piano

No. 1



No. 2



WRITTEN BY MOZART AT THE AGE OF SIX

FOURTH EVENING—MOZART

stool and repeating the whole exercise he had just been giving to Nannerl, following this up by striking perfect chords and harmonic intervals. And now, think of it, when he was four years old he began writing music, and here are two little pieces he wrote when he was only six, which you must play when you go home just to see how a six-year-old boy could compose.

When Wolferl and Nannerl were playing with their toys and went from one room to another, one of them would improvise a march, and when other little playmates were there, Wolferl was delighted to make them march while he played a tune with his hand to his mouth, like a trumpet, though when he grew up he could not endure to hear that instrument. One day, Nannerl came home from church and found him very busy at the piano with a sheet of paper before him. She ran and told her father and he came in to see what Wolferl was about.

“What are you doing there?” said he.



IN MUSIC LAND

“I am writing a piano concerto,” Wolferl replied, “and it is almost done.”

His father asked to see it and laughingly said, “I suppose it is something very fine.” Upon examining it he saw a higgledy-piggledy mass of notes, scrawled and badly blotted, but upon close inspection, discovered that it was correctly written.

“But,” said his father, “this is too hard to play.”

“Oh, no,” replied Wolferl. “Of course you’ll have to practice it. I’ll show you how it goes.” And he did so.

Not long after this, a little violin was given him and a professional player came to the house to play over some music he had written. The violinist took the violin part and Wolferl’s father, the viola part. Wolferl begged permission to play the second violin, but his father reproved him, because he had not studied this instrument. Wolferl replied that he didn’t need

FOURTH EVENING—MOZART

a teacher for the violin. At last he gave his consent, whereupon Wolferl ran and got his little violin and notwithstanding his awkward finger-



WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

ing, played the whole piece through correctly at sight.

When Wolferl reached his sixth year, he not only had written a great deal of music but had become such an expert player both on the piano



IN MUSIC LAND

and violin that his father decided to travel and exhibit Wolferl and Nannerl as "Wunder Kinder," or wonder children, which, in truth, they were. They went first to Munich and then to Vienna. On the way to Vienna they stopped at a monastery and while the monks were at dinner, he and his father went into the chapel where there was an organ. Wolferl begged to be allowed to play on it and said he could do it if his father would only explain the use of the pedals, which he did. He began playing and soon the monks hearing the music left their dinner and came into the chapel. They could hardly believe their own eyes or ears. Some of them crossed themselves, supposing it to be a miracle, and others declared it must be Satan playing. When they reached Vienna their baggage was searched at the Custom House. Wolferl asked the official why he was opening their trunks, and he replied by asking Wolferl why he had come to Vienna. He told him he had come to play the piano, which

FOURTH EVENING—MOZART

made the official laugh. Wolferl was very angry and told him if he would open the piano crate he would show him. He did so and Wolferl gave him such a fine exhibition of his skill that he not only let the baggage go but escorted the party to their hotel. After a day or two they were received at the palace of the Empress Maria Theresa. As soon as they entered the salon, much to the surprise of the courtiers, and to the embarrassment of his father, Wolferl ran and jumped into the Empress' lap and hugged and kissed her. Then, seeing Marie Antoinette, her daughter, who was of about the same age as himself, he jumped down and embraced her also. Little did the two children imagine the dreadful fate which was to overtake one of them when she became Queen of France. You know she died on the scaffold during the revolution, together with her husband, Louis Sixteenth. Then, as he was crossing the slippery floor on his way to the piano, he stumbled and fell. Marie

IN MUSIC LAND

Antoinette paid no attention to him, but Elizabeth, her younger sister, ran and helped him up, whereupon Wolferl made a very nice bow to her and said: "You are good and I will marry you if you are willing." The Empress, who was very much amused, asked him why he had proposed to her daughter. Wolferl replied: "She was kind and her sister took no notice of me."

"Didn't they marry each other?" exclaimed the four girls almost in the same breath.

"No. They couldn't marry for they were not of the same rank, and besides, you know Wolferl was still only a little boy," said the Guide. "And then, he met so many pretty girls afterwards, any one of whom he could have married, that he soon forgot Elizabeth."

"I am glad he did!" said practical Tom. "He might have lost his head on the scaffold, too, if he had belonged to that family."

But the Four frowned upon Tom. "It would have been so romantic," said Dorothy.

FOURTH EVENING—MOZART

While they were at the palace they were invited to a state dinner and this is what Wolferl's father wrote home about it: "What most astonished the spectators was that at a public dinner on New Year's Evening, we alone had the way cleared for us to the royal table, the Swiss Guard marching before us, where Master Wolfgang had the honor to stand near the Empress, to converse with her, and answer her constantly, now and then eating something which she gave him from the table, or kissing her hand."

In 1763, when Wolferl was seven years old, he and his father made a long trip through Germany during which he played upon the great organ at Heidelberg, which was considered so important an event that his name and the date of his playing were inscribed upon the instrument. Thence they went to Paris where he played before the Court. Madame de Pompadour, one of the ladies, was so delighted with him that she placed him on a table so that all might see the

IN MUSIC LAND

little man. He attempted to hug and kiss her but she eluded him, whereupon he very indignantly



MOZART'S GOOD-NIGHT TUNE

said: "Who is this who will not kiss me? An Empress has kissed me."

In his eighth year he was as much a child as ever. Indeed it almost seems that he never grew up except in music, for he was boyish all his life, as well as very susceptible to temptations and full of fun and mischief. When he went to bed at night he would mount a chair and sing a

FOURTH EVENING—MOZART

little duet with his father, which he had written to some nonsense words. This good-night tune is shown you on the opposite page.

When they were through Wolferl would kiss the tip of his father's nose, promising when he got older to put him in a glass case, so as to protect him from the cold. Then he would go off to bed to dream of a great future.

In his tenth year he was a finished composer and received a commission from the Emperor of Austria to write an opera. It was not produced, however, because the opera manager thought he was too young. Two or three years later he went to Italy and while in Rome he heard a "Miserere" sung at the Vatican which was considered so sacred that no one was allowed to copy it.

"And what is a 'Miserere'?" said Martha.

"'Miserere' or 'Miserere Deus' means 'Pity me, O God,'" said the Guide. "In the Vatican service it is a psalm, forming part of a service called 'Tenebree' which is only sung three times



IN MUSIC LAND

a year. The service has many other psalms, but this one, the 'Miserere,' is very impressive because it is first heard in the darkness. The 'Miserere' which Mozart heard was written by a composer named Allegri!

Wolferl obtained permission from the Pope to attend a rehearsal, and when he returned home he wrote down from memory all the notes and so correctly, too, that when the public performance took place he found his copy was absolutely perfect. The next day he was honest enough to tell the Pope what he had done. Of course the Pope was greatly amazed but he turned to Wolferl with a smile and said:

"The prohibition does not extend to the memory and I think that you may escape the pain of excommunication."

Wolferl wrote several operas in Italy and had many honors conferred upon him and finally returned home. He was now fifteen and Nannerl was twenty and I dare say it was a pretty

FOURTH EVENING—MOZART

sight to see them strolling about the streets of Salzburg, Nannerl, slender of figure, prettily dressed, powdered, and wearing a hoop skirt, and Wolferl, a gay little cavalier, in a gallooned hat, velvet coat, frilled shirt, silk stockings and carrying a sword, which he was entitled to do because of his many honors.

Alice was anxious to know what a gallooned hat might be and was informed by Martha, who is an authority on fashions, that it is a hat edged with silver or gold lace.

Wolferl died in his thirty-fifth year, poor in everything but glory. There was not a friend at his grave when he was buried. The grave was in a part of the cemetery where bodies were removed every ten years to make room for others. So no one knows where he rests. But that is of little consequence. All the world knows him and the great music he has written.

“How did he look?” said Dorothy.

He is described as short, slim and graceful of

IN MUSIC LAND

figure, with very small hands and feet, well-shaped head, pale face, large nose and beautiful eyes, with a restless and wandering glance at times, and again flashing with vivacity and humor. His humor was sometimes very droll, especially in his letters, and this evening's story will close with one of them, which he wrote when he was twenty-one years old, and which shows how boyish he was, even at that age.

MANNHEIM, Oct. 5, 1777.

My Dear Coz-Buzz:

I have safely received your precious epistle-thistle, and from it I perceive-achieve that my aunt-gaunt and you-shoe are quite well-bell. I have to-day a letter-setter from my papa-ah-ha, safe in my hand-sand. I also hope you got-trot my Mannheim letter-setter. Now for a little sense-pence. The prelate's seizure-leisure grieves me much-touch but he will, I hope, get well-sell. You write-blight you will keep-cheap your promise to write to me-he, to Augsburg soon-spoon. Well, I shall be very glad-mad. You further write, indeed you declare, you pretend, you hint, you vow, you explain, you dis-

FOURTH EVENING—MOZART

tinctly say, you long, you wish, you desire, you choose, command and point out, you let me know and inform me that I must send my portrait soon-moon. Eh, bien! you shall have it before long-song. Now I wish you goodnight-light.

I cannot write no more, which makes my heart sore. To all my friends much love-dove. Ad-dio! Your old-young, till death-breath,

WOLFGANG AMEDÉ ROSENCRANZ.

“Why does he sign himself Rosencranz?”
said Martha.

“I don’t know. You ask too many questions. I wish you all goodnight-light and dreams of Wolferl,” said the Guide.



FIFTH EVENING—BEETHOVEN

Boyhood of Beethoven—A sad birthday—The drunken father—His trials at home—The walk in the woods—Meets a friend—The Breuning family—The visits to the monastery—Meets Mozart—Mozart's prediction—How it was verified

A FEW evenings before the fifth meeting, the Five were the guests of the Guide at a Beethoven concert, given

FIFTH EVENING—BEETHOVEN

in memory of its founder. He knew they would have greatly preferred to hear the "Spring Song," or the "Traümerei," or the "Blue Danube Waltz," but he wanted them for once to hear some of the music of the Master, which that evening included the overture to "Coriolanus," the mighty "Eroica," and the joyous Eighth Symphony. They were deeply impressed with the Funeral March in the "Eroica," and rapturously applauded the beautiful, lively allegretto of the Eighth Symphony. The concert indeed made them all the more eager to hear of Beethoven's boyhood and the Guide felt quite certain they had for the first time realized something of the grandeur and beauty of the music which they will hear when they become well acquainted with Music Land. So the evening was not only delightful but profitable. After the little critics had expressed their various opinions, which may be crystallized into "perfectly lovely," the Guide began.



IN MUSIC LAND

Ludwig von Beethoven was born at Bonn in 1720, and first saw the light in a little attic room which is still kept much as it was at that time, in honor of him. His father was a tenor singer at the Court Chapel. He was a gloomy, morbid man, had many bad habits and was severe in his discipline at home. More than once, Ludwig in his boyhood had saved him from the police by going to the public house and leading him home. He was also very poor and this made him still more melancholy and discontented. Ludwig's mother, on the other hand, was a kind, gentle woman who dearly loved him and took his part when his father came home cross or the worse from drinking. She had been a cook before she married. In fact his parents were of very humble birth, like the parents of nearly every one of the great composers. You can well imagine that little Ludwig's home was not a happy one and that his only consolation was his mother's love.

FIFTH EVENING—BEETHOVEN

On Ludwig's fourth birthday, his father came home in a wretched condition. He had been drinking, had not a cent in his pockets, and of course had no present for Ludwig. When Ludwig and his mother heard him coming they went to the door, expecting that he had come home earlier than usual to help celebrate the day, but they were bitterly disappointed the moment they saw him. The mother shrank back and Ludwig hid his face in the folds of her gown. The father had nothing to say to them but, curiously enough, went to the piano and began singing. Ludwig's face brightened up at once and his father took him on his knee, and when he found the boy could play the song, he too cheered up and decided to teach him music. He began giving him lessons on the piano and violin the very next day but he had been drinking, and at last Ludwig actually began to hate music. His father kept him at it all the time and would not allow him to play games or do anything that the other children did.



IN MUSIC LAND

This not only made Ludwig shy and silent but very melancholy. Sometimes his father would scold him and sometimes box his ears. One day Ludwig was so enraged at his cruel treatment that he refused to practice, but his mother, whom he dearly loved, persuaded him to change his mind. His father, however, continued to be cross and Ludwig, who was quick tempered, would also get cross and then there would be a quarrel. At such times Ludwig would usually take his violin and run up to his attic and console himself by playing. He and his violin must have had many sad talks together. All the years his father taught him were years of misery and suffering, but at last came a time when he knew more than his father and his lessons at home ended.

At this time he was nine years old and his father placed him with another tenor singer, named Pfeiffer. This was like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, for Pfeiffer was a hard man too and often got drunk with Lud-

FIFTH EVENING—BEETHOVEN

wig's father. One night they came home drunk together at twelve o'clock, and made poor Lud-



LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN

wig get up and practice until morning. He had to suffer in this way for a year, but at last he was freed and had a better teacher, named Neefe, who was the court organist.

Ludwig was always a lover of nature and was never more delighted than when he could wander



IN MUSIC LAND

in the woods. Some day you will understand how this influenced him, when you hear his beautiful "Pastoral" Symphony. One Sunday morning he set off for a walk among the fields which stretched down to the River Rhine. He was perfectly happy, for he could hear the birds singing all about him and the music of bells coming across the water. After a little he reached some woods and there he met a student, named Wegeler, whom he knew. They had a talk together and Ludwig told him what he had to endure from his father and of the poverty which prevented him from doing what he wanted to do. Wegeler cheered him up and invited him to go with him to a monastery where he was acquainted. He consented and the two had a very cordial welcome from the monks and a nice dinner. After dinner, while Wegeler and the Abbot were talking over private matters, Ludwig strolled about the grounds and at last came to the chapel. He entered and finding an organ

FIFTH EVENING—BEETHOVEN

began playing. The monks came in and heartily praised him and invited him to come again which he did. You see the skies were brightening for him a little. Wegeler also proved himself a good friend and introduced him to a lovely family, named Breuning, who were fond of music and very cultivated people. There were three sons and a daughter, and Stephen, one of the sons, became Ludwig's intimate friend. The Breuning home was more a real home to him than his own and he was always treated as if he were one of the children. They introduced him to other nice families and to many wealthy and distinguished persons, and procured him many pupils. In the Breuning home he passed the happiest days he ever knew. One of the distinguished persons, Count von Waldstein, secured for him the position of court organist. He was at this time in his fifteenth year, and the first thing he did was to hasten home and tell his mother the good news. The Count also gave him



IN MUSIC LAND

a letter of introduction to Prince Lichnowsky at Vienna and at the latter's residence he first saw Mozart, who was then in his thirty-fourth year, while Ludwig was seventeen. Mozart greeted him in a courteous but somewhat cool manner and asked him to play. Ludwig did so and when he had finished the people present loudly applauded him, but Mozart did not join in the applause because he thought Ludwig was merely playing some show piece which he had specially prepared for the occasion. So, to test him, he gave him a little theme and asked him to extemporize some variations on it. Ludwig was so successful that when he struck the last note Mozart rushed up and embraced him, at the same time exclaiming, "This young man some day or other will make a noise in the world.

Ludwig was now coming into manhood. Mozart's prediction came true. He became one of the greatest, and, many think, the greatest musician in the world. Some day you will hear his

FIFTH EVENING—BEETHOVEN

nine great symphonies and perhaps be able to play his beautiful piano sonatas. But notwithstanding his great fame he was never happy. He suffered from sickness, poverty, and misunderstandings. He had a renegade nephew who nearly broke his heart by his conduct. He never had a home of his own. In the latter part of his life he was so deaf he could not hear his own music. There was one bright spot in his life, however, which you girls will appreciate. He had a little girl friend, Bettina von Arnim, a wonderful child, and they wrote to each other letters so beautiful that I hope some day you will read them. And just think of it! It was little Bettina who made Beethoven and the great poet Goethe good friends!

“And how did Beethoven look?” asked Dorothy.

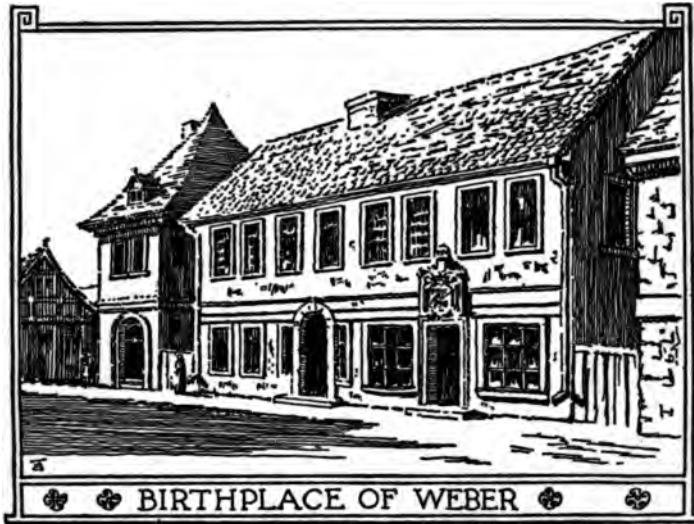
He was small and insignificant of figure, dark complexioned and pock-marked. He had a broad chin and stout nose but a noble forehead and



IN MUSIC LAND

bright, piercing eyes. He was also very shabby in his dress but in that insignificant, homely body, there dwelt a great soul, which could not endure anything false, low, immoral or unworthy, and the little Ludwig, who on his fourth birthday forgot his father's drunkenness and ill treatment when he heard him singing, lived to be the world's greatest master of music.

The four girls went away that evening, each one wishing she were a Bettina and had a Ludwig to write to, but Tom, who does not care much for Bettinas, just at present, was sure he would have liked to stroll in the woods with Ludwig that Sunday morning, to hear the birds sing and the bells ring, and especially to have had that good dinner at the monastery.



SIXTH EVENING—WEBER

Boyhood of Weber—"Der Freyschütz"—"Oberon"—
"Invitation to the Dance"—A dissipated father—Early
lessons—Troubles increase—Strange duties as private
secretary—Arrested by a king—Brighter days—Founder
of German opera.

THE Five were in their places promptly
and eager to know who was to be the
hero of the sixth story. The Guide
said: "I am going to tell you the story of the



IN MUSIC LAND

boyhood of Karl Maria von Weber, and for two reasons, first, because he is one of the great composers, and, second, because there is so much in three of his works that will particularly interest all of you. One of these works is an opera, called 'Der Freyschütz,' which might be freely translated 'The Magic Bullet.' In this opera he tells you how Max, the lover, secures Agatha, his sweetheart, by the use of this magic bullet. There is a wonderful scene in the Wolf's Glen, a wild, weird spot. A demon, called Zamiel, is there and helps Max in his shooting. And the air is full of skeletons, and old women riding brooms, and the most grotesque looking animals you can imagine, which are trying to frighten poor Max but Zamiel is his good friend and helps him kill Caspar, his wicked rival. Then he wrote another beautiful opera, called 'Oberon.' There are no demons in 'Oberon,' however. In place of a magic bullet you will find a magic horn and you will meet a gallant knight, named Huon; and

SIXTH EVENING—WEBER

a lot of charming people, such as you find in the Arabian Nights; some delightful pirates; a real Caliph and his handsome daughter; Oberon, the Elfin King, who has quarreled with his Fairy Queen; and that brightest and best of all the dwellers in Elf land, Puck, who was famous for a long time because he could put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."

Tom, who is quite a successful amateur electrician, sniffed at this exploit of Puck's because electricity now girdles the earth in much less time and can travel without a girdle, but it was evident he was greatly taken with the magic horn, which accomplished things never dreamed of by Edison or Marconi.

"But Weber wrote one piece," said the Guide, "which, I am sure, will appeal to all you young ones because your toes are light and fantastic. It is called 'Invitation to the Dance.' Every group of three or four bars in it has a different meaning. The first means the gathering of the



IN MUSIC LAND

dancers; the second, the invitation to the lady and her coquettish reply; the third, the pressing of the invitation; the fourth, her consent at last, which of course she had intended to give all the time; the fifth and sixth, the pretty things he says to her and the pretty things she says to him; in the seventh it looks a little dangerous as he grows rather personal in his talk; in the eighth, she pretends to sympathize with him; in the ninth and tenth an important agreement is made with regard to the manner in which they shall dance; in the eleventh they take their places and then the charming waltz begins. The remaining bars describe the end of the dance, his thanks to his partner and her very polite but somewhat cold reply, for she is now too anxious about her next partner to pay much attention to the retiring one."

Much to the Guide's surprise this description had a contagious effect, for in a jiffy, Katharine was at the piano, her pretty, delicate fingers rip-

SIXTH EVENING—WEBER

pling over the keys, while the Four whirled about the room, which is so small that the gyrations of



KARL MARIA VON WEBER

the little Dervishes made his head swim. When order was finally restored, he began his story:

Karl Maria von Weber was born at Eutin in Germany in 1786. His father, Franz, was a baron and he had been most everything else—a soldier, a judge, a violinist, a theater manager, and, sad to say, a confirmed gambler. Geneveva,



IN MUSIC LAND

his mother, was a girl of sixteen when the baron, at that time fifty years of age, married her. Karl Maria was a sickly child and also had an ailment of the hip which made him a life-long cripple. As he showed a love of music when he was a mere baby, he was taught to sing by his father, and indeed he could both sing and play before he could walk, for his lame hip kept him from walking until he was four years old. He loved music but he did not give much promise at first. He had no real home life. His father, who was a theater manager, traveled most of the time with different troupes, and his mother died when he was twelve, leaving him in care of an aunt. He persevered with his studies, however, and soon began to compose music, but as it did not satisfy him he destroyed it. About this time he made the acquaintance of the man who is said to have invented the method of engraving called lithography. He taught this to the boy, who became so proficient that he thought he would drop music

SIXTH EVENING—WEBER

and devote himself to the new form of art. In the meantime, while following his father about on theatrical tours, he became well acquainted with stage business. He now began to take lessons of Michael Haydn, brother of Joseph Haydn, whose story has been told you, and while thus engaged wrote an opera which greatly pleased his teacher. Then he got an opportunity to study with Abbe Vogler, one of the greatest teachers of his time, who after keeping him two years studying the music of the great masters, secured for him the position of opera conductor at Breslau. He was now in his seventeenth year, leading musicians who were two or three times older than himself. But, young as he was, he was a severe task master and thus made enemies in the orchestra and upon the stage. This discouraged him and led him into excesses, in one of which he drank some nitric acid, thinking it was wine, which not only made him lose his voice for a long time but nearly killed him. His extrava-



IN MUSIC LAND

gant father at this time was running into debt because of his gambling habits and poor Karl had to help him out of all sorts of difficulties. For a time he had a poor position at Carlsruhe, but as a war had broken out, the establishment of the Prince in whose service he was engaged was broken up, and Karl, compelled to do something for a living, became private secretary to Duke Ludwig, who was this Prince's brother. This was only going from bad to worse, for Ludwig was dependent upon the King of Württemberg, who was a dissolute man, and Karl found himself in the midst of a dissipated set. You naturally imagine that a private secretary's duty is to write his master's letters but poor Karl not only had to do this but also to see that his master had money with which to pay for horses and dogs, and to make journeys and to settle gambling debts. When money was not to be had, the Duke would apply to the king and then the king would abuse Karl. But Karl got even with him once.

SIXTH EVENING—WEBER

The king hated old women. One day an old woman came to him with an application for the position of laundress and he sent her to the king. This made His Majesty so angry that he had Karl arrested and thrown into prison. He took it very philosophically, however, and consoled himself with an old piano he found there, and which he tuned with his doorkey. The Duke finally interceded for him and secured his release. But still things went from bad to worse. He got into dissolute company and ran in debt and his father came home bankrupt to live upon him. At last the king sent both of them away.

This was a blessing in disguise for Karl. He went to Mannheim and found good friends there. He now began devoting himself most industriously to composition and made an artistic tour through Switzerland and Germany, at last reaching Berlin, where a new and happier life began. When "Der Freyschütz" was produced he was hailed as the founder and father of German opera



IN MUSIC LAND

and became one of the most famous men in Europe. He died in his fortieth year in London, just after his romantic opera of "Oberon" had been given for the first time.

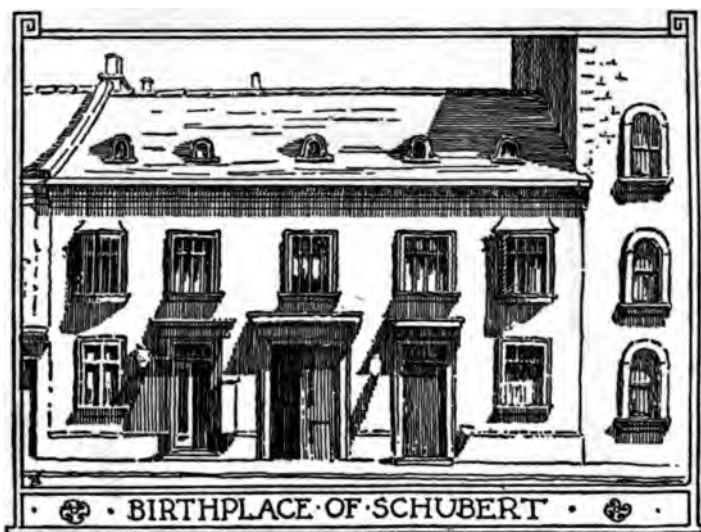
The Five were so delighted at Karl's victory after his long battle with misfortune that they decided to have a good-night waltz and this time Dorothy was the player. And as they went away, Alice was discussing with Martha that scene between the two in the "Invitation," Katherine had decided she would like to have lived in Bagdad and heard Arabian stories every night, and Dorothy wished she had been an elfin friend of Puck. You may be sure Tom dreamed that night of shooting skeletons, and old women on brooms, and curious wild animals with magic bullets. And as the fire deadened down, the Guide watched the red coals dulling into gray embers, but had no thought of melancholy, for as he heard the retreating footsteps and gay laughter of the Five the lines of Dryden's occurred to him:

SIXTH EVENING—WEBER

“To-morrow do thy worst
For I have lived to-day.”

And as he put out the lights, another poet's line
came to him:

“Remembered joys are never past.”



SEVENTH EVENING—SCHUBERT

Boyhood of Schubert—A serenade reminiscence—Early struggles—Life at “the Konvikt”—Poor and hungry—How he wrote his songs—His love for Beethoven—A sad life story.

THE Five selected their own story for the Seventh Evening. They had been to a concert and heard a serenade, which was so beautiful, and a song, telling the story of the Child and the Erl King, which was so thrill-

SEVENTH EVENING—SCHUBERT

ing, that they sent word to the Guide they wanted to hear about the composer of them. And when they were assembled at the fireside, he said to them: "You have made a good selection and I hope that in the years to come the 'Serenade' may recall as pleasant memories as it does for me whenever I hear it. I remember it in the early evening among the Alps. The moon was just rising and star after star came trooping above their snowy peaks. Near us was a tower and suddenly from its turret the beautiful melody of the 'Serenade' came softly down to us upon the night breeze. We could not see the player. We could only barely distinguish the turret, which had a faint light in it, like another star, and back of it we could just discern the outlines of the mountains, 'Alp upon Alp.' All about us was silence and we could not speak, the whole scene was so impressive. It was like music coming down out of the sky. At last it died away and the moonlight silvered the peaks. And then



IN MUSIC LAND

we spoke. The rest is a remembered joy. The only sadness, as it is recalled, is the thought that the composer of this delightful melody probably never heard it himself except in his own soul."

The composer was Franz Peter Schubert, who was born in Vienna in 1797. Franz's father, a peasant's son, was a schoolmaster, and his mother, like Beethoven's and Haydn's mothers, had been in service as a cook, but there is little else known about her. His father was twice married and had thirteen children. As he was very poor and found it difficult to support so large a family, Franz was kept at home doing chores and helping along and so had little chance to be with other boys, which made him shy and rather solitary. He took to music naturally. His people were too poor to have a piano but he got acquainted with a boy who was apprenticed to a wood-worker and was employed in a piano warehouse. One day, while at this warehouse with his new friend, he found an opportunity to play on one of the

SEVENTH EVENING—SCHUBERT

pianos. Thereafter he visited the warehouse as often as he could get away from home. His



FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT

father at last discovered what he was doing and managed to get an old piano for him and Franz began taking lessons, his brother Ignaz being his teacher. But Ignaz soon realized that Franz knew more about music than he did. So the family by economizing in various ways raised money enough to give him an advanced teacher.



IN MUSIC LAND

But even this teacher, before he had given him half a dozen lessons, was forced to say: "He has learned everything and God has been his teacher."

Franz began playing the piano in his seventh year and when he was eight could play the violin very well. He was also taught singing and organ playing and his brother Ignaz was a great help to him in his general studies. In his thirteenth year he began composing and in his fourteenth wrote the first of his hundreds of exquisite songs. Three years before this, he joined a school, called "The Konvict," where choristers were trained for the court chapel. He was so poor that he had to wear an old, threadbare gray suit on the day he was examined and the other boys called him "the miller," but they did not laugh at him any more when he passed the examination more successfully than any of them and exchanged his old gray suit for the gold laced uniform of the school. In this school he studied the music of

SEVENTH EVENING—SCHUBERT

Haydn and Mozart and made such rapid progress that he secured the position of first violinist in the little school orchestra. The boys were not laughing at him now. He used to go home every Sunday and play in a quartette with his father and his brothers, Ignaz and Ferdinand. Now he began composing in earnest and devoting his entire time to it. But he had a hard time in "The Konvict," for he had no money to buy paper. His room was cold and uncomfortable and sometimes he had not enough to eat, as this extract from a letter to Ignaz will show you:

"I'll come at once to the point and unburthen my heart's secret and won't detain you by beating about the bush. I've been thinking a good long time about my position and found that it is very well on the whole but that in some respects it can be improved. You know from experience that one can often enjoy eating a roll and an apple or two, and all the more when one must wait eight and a half hours after a poor dinner



IN MUSIC LAND

for a meager supper. I beg of you a few kreutzers to relieve your poverty-stricken brother."

Franz left this school in his sixteenth year and for a time helped his father in school teaching but every leisure moment was given to composition. By the time he was eighteen he had written one hundred songs, some operas and symphonies, and a great deal of church and piano music. In his nineteenth year he wrote the "Erl King," which you heard a few evenings ago. After reading the poem, which Goethe wrote, the music came to him at once and he dashed it down on paper. Many of his songs were inspirations. Once in a café he took up a volume of Shakespeare, which someone had left on the table, and read the song, "Hark, the Lark." He instantly said: "A lovely melody has come to me. Oh, if I only had some paper!" As he could find none, he wrote the melody on the back of a bill of fare. All his youthful days, indeed all his days, were given to composition.

SEVENTH EVENING—SCHUBERT

This is about all that is known of his early years but I must tell you something of him as a man, for he is one of the world's greatest song-writers. Like Beethoven, he was small of figure and of rather insignificant appearance, and his eyes were so poor that he wore spectacles even in bed. In society he was very shy but among his friends he was jolly and fond of jokes. These friends used to have dancing parties, which would have suited you, because you could have danced to delightful waltzes which he extemporized. His life was not a happy one for his health was not good, he was wretchedly poor, and he had many cares and troubles. Though he wrote a vast amount of music, it brought him little or nothing and his songs, or the most of them, were not published until after his death. He never heard his beautiful symphonies played. He would arise early in the morning and work until noon and then go to a coffee house and get a cup of coffee and a roll and smoke his pipe. In the evening



IN MUSIC LAND

he would go to the theater and then join some companions at a cheap supper at a restaurant, where as likely as not he would write a song or two before leaving. Children, think of this wonderful musician, who wrote the "Serenade," the "Ave Maria," the "Wanderer," the "Erl King," "Hark, the Lark," "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel," "The Young Nun," and the "Allmacht," writing home to his brother for some pennies with which to buy apples, and not long before his death having to live on coffee and rolls, because he had not money enough to get a real dinner! Think of him selling songs for a few kreutzers, from the sale of which publishers have made fortunes! Think of him when he died leaving nothing but his clothes and ten dollars in money! Do you wonder that he once wrote to a friend: "Often when I go to sleep, I hope I never shall wake up again."

There was one peculiarly sad experience in his life. He greatly admired Beethoven and loved

SEVENTH EVENING—SCHUBERT

his music and they were near neighbors for years, but he was so shy and sensitive that he did not like to intrude upon him and of course Beethoven was very busy and had many troubles of his own. But when Beethoven was on his death bed two of his friends took Schubert to the house. Beethoven was so deaf that his friends had to write on a tablet what they wanted to say, and one was handed to Schubert, but he was so overcome that he could think of nothing to write. The next day some of Schubert's music was shown to Beethoven, and after looking it over carefully, he said: "Truly, Schubert has the divine spark." Don't you think he must have been pleased with this recognition by the great Master, and that it was a consolation to him that although the public might forget him, he was appreciated by the greatest of all musicians?

In a few days after these occurrences, Beethoven died. Schubert went to a restaurant and drank two glasses of wine—one to the memory



IN MUSIC LAND

of Beethoven, the other to the first to follow him. Schubert himself was the first. His last wish was to be buried by the side of Beethoven, and it was gratified. They now sleep near each other, the Master of the Symphony and the Master of the Song.

It was a sad story, but the story of genius is nearly always sad. The Guide promised the Five that at their next meeting, they should have a glad one.



EIGHTH EVENING—MENDELSSOHN

Boyhood of Mendelssohn—Felix and Fanny—A happy family—Felix and Goethe—Travels—Garden concerts—The "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture—The "Wedding March"—Death of Fanny—A charmed life.

EAGER to hear the glad story, the Five came early on the eighth evening. They had begun to think that all the great composers had hard boyhoods and un-



IN MUSIC LAND

happy lives. "Perhaps poverty and suffering and the lack of appreciation," said the Guide, "is what urged them on to greater endeavor and helped to make them great. Goethe, the famous German poet, once wrote: 'Who has not eaten his bread with tears knows not the immortal Powers.' This composer whose story I am to tell you this evening ate his bread with a glad heart. He had no unhappy moments. His life was quiet, peaceful and beautiful to the end, but he did not write as great music as those whom I have told you about. One of his christian names was Felix, which is the Latin for 'happy,' you know, Alice. I mention this to Alice because she is grappling with Cæsar, and all children studying Cæsar must love Latin!"

Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born at Hamburg, Germany, in 1809. He is always called Mendelssohn, in German the "Son of Mendel," but that is not the family name. His parents were of Jewish origin but they

EIGHTH EVENING—MENDELSSOHN

joined the Lutheran church and took the name of Bartholdy. Abraham, Felix's father, was a rich banker, and Felix had two sisters, Fanny and Rebekah. His father was a man of strong character and somewhat severe in the family discipline but Felix was very fond of him. Leah, his mother, was an excellent housekeeper and good linguist and also played the piano. Like the father, she too was pretty strict in managing the children. They took their first lessons with her and while they were practicing she would sit by them knitting and you may be sure they had to attend to their work. She used to make them get up at five in the morning and begin their practicing, and kept them at it and other duties until lunch time. Sometimes Felix's attention would be diverted from his work whereupon his mother would call out sharply, "Felix, have you nothing to do?" In the study of music Felix had one great advantage. His father being wealthy and of good family, his home was the



IN MUSIC LAND

resort of all the literary and musical people of the city.

When Felix was in his third year, his father went to Paris where he had some business to look after, and took him and his sister Fanny with him. He had some lessons there and when they returned he was placed in the hands of a famous teacher, named Zelter, but Zelter soon found that there was little for him to do. Indeed he once said about Felix, that he merely had to "put the fish in the water and let him swim away as he liked." In his ninth year, Felix made his first public appearance in concert with great success, and in his eleventh began studying vocal music. Devrient, an actor and friend of the family, who published his recollections of Felix, described him at this time as "dressed in a tight fitting jacket, cut very low in the neck, over which the wide trousers were buttoned, into the slanting pockets of which the little fellow liked to thrust his hands, rocking his curly head from

EIGHTH EVENING—MENDELSSOHN

side to side and shifting restlessly from one foot to the other.”



FELIX MENDELSSOHN

In his twelfth year Felix began composing trios, sonatas, songs and piano pieces. The next year his father took him to see the poet Goethe at Weimar where he stayed two weeks. Goethe was greatly pleased with him and they became good friends. The poet used to keep him playing Mozart's and Beethoven's music, and on one



IN MUSIC LAND

occasion paid him the following pretty compliment: "I am Saul and you are David; when I am sad and low spirited you must come to me and calm me with your accords."

"Did Felix see Bettina there?" inquired Dorothy.

"Oh, no, Bettina at that time was married and had a little boy of her own, I believe. The Bettina who used to write to Beethoven was at that time a child," said the Guide.

In his fourteenth and fifteenth year Felix traveled and wrote much, and many of his compositions were played at home. His father had bought a new and beautiful estate of about ten acres, covered with trees and shrubbery, in the midst of which was a fine garden house, large enough to accommodate a hundred people. His music was played there, he and Fanny at the piano, Paul, his brother, at the 'cello, and his sister, Rebekah, doing the singing parts. Sometimes Felix would mount a stool and conduct, the

EIGHTH EVENING—MENDELSSOHN

others sitting round the dining table. All the musical people gathered there on such occasions. They also used to get out a musical paper, called the "Garten Zeitung," or "Garden News." Do you not think Felix was having a happy life compared with those other boys whose stories have been told you?

In his fifteenth year, Felix went to the Baltic and looked upon the sea for the first time, which so delighted him that he left his impression of it in his music. The next year he began writing larger works which made him famous, among them the overture to "The Midsummer Night's Dream" of Shakespeare. Seventeen years later he wrote music for the whole play and this fairy music of his boyhood was so perfectly done that not a note of it had to be changed. In this music there is one number which should interest you young people as you may have to march to it some day—the happiest day in your lives. It is the "Wedding March," and if you don't



IN MUSIC LAND

march to this you may have to keep time to another of which you will be told in a later story about Wagner.

The rest of Felix's life was devoted to composition and travel and he wrote beautiful travel letters which you will greatly enjoy. They are almost like moving pictures. His first and only sorrow came when his sister Fanny died in 1847. They were very fond of each other and studied and played together and understood each other so perfectly that they sometimes corresponded in music without words at all and each caught the other's meaning. Her death greatly unnerved him and undoubtedly hastened his end, for he died in the same year.

Can you imagine a more beautiful life or a more highly favored musician? He was very handsome, noble in character, a fine linguist, drew well and painted well, was a graphic letter writer, fond of athletic sport, a skillful chess player, and abounded in humor. You see he

EIGHTH EVENING—MENDELSSOHN

had everything in his favor—personal beauty, wealth, artistic skill, musical knowledge, a love of the beautiful and the rare gift of making every one love him. He was never grieved by harshness, or injustice at home, or tried by poverty, neglect of friends or ill health. Perhaps this is one reason why his music is always graceful, refined and beautiful, though it is not as great as that of the composers who have suffered. It is the music of Youth, of Spring, of Fairies and Flowers. When Elf Land seems far away, and the leaves are falling, and the sky grows gray, you will turn to the greater masters.



NINTH EVENING—SCHUMANN

Boyhood of Schumann—His struggle to become a musician
—Injures his hand in piano practice—Becomes a composer—Story of Blondel—The last sad years—Attempted suicide—Dies in an asylum—Blondel's Song.

“**I** AM going to tell you this evening the story of the young life of Robert Alexander Schumann, which began happily but ended tragically,” said the Guide; “and as there is not much to tell you of his boyhood,

NINTH EVENING—SCHUMANN

for it was somewhat uneventful, I shall include in this story another story connected with one of his songs, which will show you how important a song may sometimes be, and it will be a story of a very romantic kind." The announcement had a magical effect upon the Five, who were evidently quite as eager for the romantic story as for the life story.

Robert Alexander Schumann was born at Zwickau in Saxony in 1810. His father was a bookseller and also an author. His mother was the daughter of a surgeon and had very little culture. They had five children and Robert was the youngest. He showed a love for music when he was very little and his father encouraged him but his mother opposed him for she wanted him to be a lawyer. It is curious how many parents of great musicians have wanted them to be lawyers. The father carried his point, however, and in his seventh year, Robert took lessons on the organ and piano. When he was nine, he or-



IN MUSIC LAND

ganized a little orchestra of two violins, two flutes, a clarinet and two horns and wrote music for it, his first compositions being dances. In his eleventh year he made his first public appearance in a concert. He also had very decided literary talent and wrote thrilling robber plays when he was a boy.

After his father died, he began studying law out of respect for his mother. He attended lectures regularly, but he kept up his piano studies also. Then he went to the University of Heidelberg to hear the lectures of some of the great jurists, but the law was so distasteful to him that he soon decided to give up its study and devote his entire time to music. But, first of all, he wrote to his mother and asked her to consult Wieck, his music teacher, and let him decide. Wieck advised her to let him try music for six months, which she did, and it ended by his becoming a musician. At that time he was heavily in debt. He wrote his mother: "For two weeks I have

NINTH EVENING—SCHUMANN

not had a shilling and I am actually living like a dog.” He began practicing so hard that at last he crippled one of his fingers and was obliged to give up playing and devote himself to composition, which at last made him famous. His last years were very sad, for he had fits of melancholy and was afraid of going insane. At one time he tried to drown himself but was rescued by a boatman. Finally he was taken to an asylum, where he died in 1856.

As his young life was so uneventful I want to tell you a story connected with one of his beautiful songs, which is called “Blondel’s Song.” In the old days, you know, kings had favorite minstrels to entertain them. Richard of the Lion Heart had one named Blondel. When Richard was returning from his wars with the Saracens in Palestine, he was shipwrecked and fell into the hands of his enemy, the Duke of Austria, who sent him a prisoner to the Empress and she kept him in close confinement for a year



IN MUSIC LAND

or more, but at last his subjects found where he was and paid a big ransom for his release. These quotations from an old manuscript will tell you how he was found and what a song may do:

“It happened that the King had bred up from his childhood a minstrel who was named Blondel; and it came into his mind that he would seek his lord through all lands until he obtained news of him. Accordingly he went on his way and wandered so long through strange countries that he had employed full half a year and still could obtain no satisfactory news of the King. And he continued his search so long that as chance would have it he entered Austria and went straight to the castle where the King was in prison, and he took his lodgings at the home of a widow woman.

“And he asked her whose castle that was which was so strong and fair and well-placed. His hostess replied that it belonged to the Duke of Austria.

“ ‘Ah, fair hostess,’ said Blondel, ‘tell me now

NINTH EVENING—SCHUMANN

for love, is there no prisoner within this castle?’

“ ‘Truly,’ said the good dame, ‘yes. There has



ROBERT ALEXANDER SCHUMANN

been one there for years but we cannot by any means know who he is. And I can tell you for truth that they keep him close and watchfully, and we firmly believe he is of gentle blood and a great lord.’

“And when the good Blondel heard these words, he was marvelously glad and it seemed



IN MUSIC LAND

to him in his heart that he had found what he sought, but he was eager not to let his hostess perceive his joy.

“That night he was much at his ease and slept till day and when he heard the watch proclaim the day with his horn, he rose and went straight to the church to pray God to help him. And then he returned to the castle and addressed himself to the Castellan within and told him that he was a minstrel and would very gladly stay with him, if he could. The Castellan was a young and joyous knight, and said he would retain him willingly. Then was Blondel very joyful and went and fetched his viol and his instruments and served the Castellan so long that he was a great favorite with him and was much in favor in the castle and household.

“Thus he remained at the castle all the winter and without getting to know who the prisoner was. And it happened that he went one day at Easter all alone in the garden, which was near

NINTH EVENING—SCHUMANN

the tower, and he looked about and thought if by any accident he might see the prisoner. And while he was in this thought the King looked through a loophole and saw Blondel and reflected how he should make himself known to him. And he bethought himself of a song which they had made between them two, and which nobody in that country knew except them, and he began to sing the first verse loud and clear, for he sang right well. And when Blondel heard it he then knew for certain it was his lord and he had in his heart the greatest joy that ever he had in his life.

“And immediately he left the garden and went to his chamber where he lay and took his viol and began to play a note and in playing he rejoiced for his lord whom he had found.

“Thus Blondel remained from that time until Pentecost and he kept his secret so well that nobody suspected him. And then came Blondel to the Castellan and said to him:

“ ‘For God’s sake, dear sir, if it pleased you I



IN MUSIC LAND

would willingly return to my country for it is long since I have had any intelligence thence.'

" 'Blondel, dear brother, that you will not do if you believe me, but continue to dwell here and I will do you much good.'

" 'In faith,' said Blondel, 'I will remain on no terms.'

"When the Castellan saw that he could not retain him, he gave him leave with great reluctance. So Blondel went his way and journeyed till he came to England and told King Richard's friends and barons that he had found his lord, the King, and told them where he was."

Another version of the story says that Blondel sang the first verse of the song:

"Your beauty, lady fair,
None view without delight.
But still so cold an air
No person can excite.
Yet this I patient see
While all are shunned by me."

NINTH EVENING—SCHUMANN

And that the King replied with the second verse:

“No nymph my heart can wound
If favor she divide,
And smiles on all around
Unwilling to decide.
I'd rather hatred bear
Than love with others share.”

The Four thought the scene in the garden with Blondel singing to his viol and the King up in the tower, singing through the loophole, was perfectly lovely, and incontinently fell in love with the minstrel like real mediæval maidens. But practical, up-to-date Tom could not understand why the Castellan did not catch Blondel at his singing and lock him up in one of the dungeons.

The Guide could not explain except upon the theory that the watchmen of that day were very much the same as those of to-day and sometimes didn't see what was going on before their very eyes.



IN MUSIC LAND

Tom also was inclined to sniff somewhat at a song about ladies fair and flirting nymphs sung at such a time, though the Four enthusiastically approved of it. But the Guide remarked to Tom that if the "lady fair" song were too gentle for him, he would find in Walter Scott's "Talisman" the "Song of the Bloody Shirt," which Blondel sang for his lord in Palestine. As Tom was dying to hear it the Guide closed the evening's entertainment by reading it. Tom thought it a ripper, but the Four listened to the lurid ballad with shivers and greatly preferred the nymph who "divided her smiles all around."



TENTH EVENING—LISZT

Boyhood of Liszt—Devoted to the piano—Becomes a wonder child—Travels all over Europe with his father—Kissed by Beethoven—Great favorite with the ladies—The idol of Paris—Story of “Don Sancho”—How Franz became an abbé.

THIS evening, said the Guide, I am going to tell you the story of a remarkable Hungarian boy, one of the greatest pianists who ever lived. His name is Franz



IN MUSIC LAND

Liszt and he was born at Raiding in Hungary in 1811.

The night he was born, a great comet blazed in the sky and some thought it was a good omen for the child, though others thought it meant war and many were sure it portended a famine. He was a beautiful boy, when he grew up, tall, slender, with a fine delicate face, blue eyes and long blonde hair, which made him a great favorite with the ladies. Adam, his father, was a steward in service with a prince. Little is known about his mother. His father was an amateur musician and gave the boy his first lessons, when his hands were hardly big enough to reach all the notes. If he couldn't touch a note with his fingers, however, he would do so with his nose. He made his first appearance as a pianist at Oldenberg, when he was nine years old, and was so successful that some of the Hungarian noblemen raised money enough for him to take lessons for six years. He then went to Vienna and studied

TENTH EVENING—LISZT

and also made a brilliant concert tour, playing in Paris and London. As you have been told, he was a great favorite with the ladies. They used to caress him and call him the "Musical Wonder," "The Little Hercules" and "The Eighth Wonder of the World." The great Beethoven heard him play at a concert and was so delighted that he went on the stage and kissed him. In a very old book there is a criticism of his playing when he was thirteen years old, which may interest you. The writer says:

"He executes the most difficult of the modern piano forte music without the smallest apparent effort and plays at sight things that very few masters would venture upon until they had given them a little private study, but his extemporaneous performances are the most remarkable. Upon any subject that is proposed to him he improvises with the fancy and method of deliberate composers and the correctness of an experienced contrapuntist. His hand is not un-



IN MUSIC LAND

usually large but is amazingly strong and his touch has vigor and maturity. He has reached the usual growth of boys of his age and possesses an open, intelligent and agreeable countenance, with a frankness, but at the same time a propriety of manner, that indicates a good temper and correct understanding."

His first serious composition was an opera called "Don Sancho, or the Chateau of Love." The story is so romantic that you will be charmed with it. Cupid, with his bow and arrow, is the lord and master of an almost inaccessible castle, the gate of which can only be entered by two and two at a time. The drawbridge is never let down save to a knight and his lady. Elvira, a fair lady, persecuted by one whom she detests, disguises herself as a knight, and choosing a favorable moment, escapes from the castle of her father, the King. While in the midst of a gloomy forest she encounters Don Sancho, who is in quest of adventures. He tries to get into conversation

TENTH EVENING—LISZT

with her but she answers only in monosyllables, which enrages him so that he quarrels with



FRANZ LISZT

her and a combat ensues. Of course she is vanquished and sinks to the earth. Her helmet falls off and reveals the face of a handsome lady. Thereupon Don Sancho is on his knees and both fall violently in love with each other at first sight. A storm comes up and they hurry to the castle of love in the distance. On the way they are met



IN MUSIC LAND

by Rostabulde, the odious man who has been persecuting Elvira, and he tries to prevent them from entering the castle. Don Sancho rushes upon him and is wounded but Elvira revenges him by slaying Rostabulde. At length the two reach the gate and Cupid appears on the tower. Elvira cries: "Open to me: we are his faithful ones who love and will love forever." At the magic word "forever," the gate flies open and Cupid, by a mere touch, heals Don Sancho's wound. Elvira returns with him to the court of her father, who asks not a word about her absence but hastens to unite the lovers, and they lived happily ever after.

"Don't you think that is a pretty clever love story for a boy of fourteen?" said the Guide.

Dorothy adored Don Sancho and Katherine was delighted that he did not make a mistake and kill Elvira in the combat. Alice rejoiced over Rostabulde's discomfiture, especially because Elvira brought it about, while Martha expressed

TENTH EVENING—LISZT

pleasure because they lived happily ever after. "So many people do not, nowadays," she said. Tom, who always looks at the practical side of things, could not quite understand why the father did not question Elvira about her absence. He knew he couldn't get away for any length of time without explaining where he had been. As a matter of fact he had some doubt about the truth of the story anyway, whereupon all Four fell upon him and told him of course it was true. The Guide at last restored order and resumed.

Franz finally settled in Paris and lived there many years and became a friend of George Sand, Chopin, Victor Hugo, Lamartine and many other great writers and musicians. He traveled for years from one country to another and made a great deal of money by his playing and was very charitable with it. He died in 1886, when he was seventy-five years old.

There was one experience in Franz's life as a boy which other composers never had. He was



IN MUSIC LAND

very religious by nature and eager to enter the priesthood, but his father dissuaded him from it. In one of his letters, his father writes to him: "Thy calling is music. Love God, be true and good and so much the higher things wilt thou attain in thy art." In one of his own letters Franz says: "It was my hope to live the life of the saints and perhaps to die the death of the martyrs." When he was in Italy, the Pope in view of his ardent longing and his great fame made him what is called a "tertiary of St. Francis of Assissi," which entitled him to wear a priest's garb, though he could not perform the duties of a priest. This is why you will sometimes find Franz called the Abbé Liszt. Some day you must read the beautiful sermon of St. Francis to his little brothers, the birds.



ELEVENTH EVENING—WAGNER

Boyhood of Wagner—Romantic music-dramas—His love of the theater—Writes astonishing tragedies—Early dissipation—Gambling mania—His fear of ghosts—A new life—Struggles with neglect, poverty and bitter enemies—Overcomes them all—Final triumph.

THIS evening I am going to tell you the story of the boyhood of a composer who made a great stir in Music

IN MUSIC LAND

Land, said the Guide. He had more enemies than any composer who ever lived. From the time he was a boy to the time he died, his life was one continual struggle with his enemies, but he was a good fighter and in the end he won, and his music influenced more or less every composer of operas in his time. His enemies called him all sorts of vile names and even declared he was crazy because he upset all the traditions, and, as they insisted, violated all the rules of music and the stage. He did not call his compositions operas but music-dramas, because he insisted that the music and the poetry and the action and the stage setting, or spectacle, were all of equal value. Some day you will understand, and, I think, appreciate his system. His greatest work is called the "Ring of the Nibelungs" and it is composed of four dramatic poems—"Das Rheingold" (the Rhine gold); "Die Walküre" (the Valkyrs); "Siegfried" (the name of the hero); and "Die Götterdäm-

ELEVENTH EVENING—WAGNER

merung" (the twilight of the Gods). The story is too long to tell in one evening, and although you might not now understand all its details and its inner meaning, yet I hope, if you have the opportunity, you will see it on the stage. There is so much to it that will interest you. It is like another world. You will meet with beautiful maidens swimming about in the depths of the Rhine, giants, dwarfs, dragons and gnomes, rainbow bridges, Valkyrs on their steeds riding through the clouds and carrying the bodies of warriors slain in battle to Valhalla, the last resting place of heroes, magic swords and horns, a fight with the monstrous dragon Fafner, songs of mysterious birds in the woods, beautiful spring songs, forest music and water music, and at the close, a great funeral march and Valhalla, blazing in the sky, the meaning of which is that the Gods have been overcome by human power, because love has been given to men and is stronger than death. So you see you have a great treat in



IN MUSIC LAND

store. You remember when I told you the story of Mendelssohn, I spoke of another Wedding March. Some day when you see "Lohengrin" you will hear it. More couples have marched up to the altar to it than to any other and when it comes your time, I hope it will be a march to happiness ever after.

This composer was named Wilhelm Richard Wagner and he was born at Leipsic in 1813. His father was a clerk of police and was also a great lover of music and poetry, but unfortunately he died when Richard was only a year old. We know little about his mother except that she was fond of art and religious, and was also very proud of Richard. The year after his father died his mother was married again to one Ludwig Geyer, who was a painter as well as actor and poet. And this was fortunate for Richard because there was still an atmosphere of art about the home. When Richard was two years old the family moved to Dresden. His new father

ELEVENTH EVENING—WAGNER

looked after him very carefully and took charge of his education. He wanted him to be a painter



*Thompson
and
Lambert*

RICHARD WAGNER

but Richard was all taken up with the theater. When six years old he was sent to study with a clergyman but before long was called home, owing to his stepfather's illness. One day his mother asked him to show her how well he could play the piano and he played a little song for



IN MUSIC LAND

her. The stepfather heard it and said: "Is it possible Richard has musical talent?" He died the next day, but almost his last words were: "I hoped to make something of him." The dying man little dreamed what a famous man the boy was destined to become.

After his stepfather's death Richard was placed in care of an uncle who lived in Eisleben. He was a real boy at this time, though still a very little fellow, and had frequent tussles with other boys, and was also fond of following street bands. His uncle married shortly after he went to live with him and he was sent to Adolph, another uncle, who had a great influence over him. This uncle lived in a large and very beautiful home. There were many portraits of old cavaliers and ladies in this house and as Richard had a very vivid imagination he fancied they were ghosts and dreaded to sleep in a room where they were. After a time he returned home and found that all his brothers and sisters were either en-

ELEVENTH EVENING—WAGNER

gaged in the theater or in some way were concerned with music. They had a very pleasant time, especially with amateur theatricals. Richard's first appearance in public was as an angel in a tableau, given before the King of Saxony, in which the little fellow was dressed in tights with wings fastened to his shoulders. He was so successful in his posing that the King gave him a cake. It ought to have been angel food, but it was only a plain coffee or almond cake. He also used to write little puppet plays and make the puppets out of his sister's wardrobes, in fact he was completely fascinated and bewitched by everything connected with the theater. As you have been told, he was very much afraid of ghosts. If he were left alone in a room he would suddenly scream because he thought the furniture was alive, and he would shriek so awfully in his dreams that the other children could not sleep in the same room with him. He was intense in everything he did. His grief was always over-



IN MUSIC LAND

powering, his humor was of the most rollicking sort, his friendship very passionate, and his little love affairs deadly in earnest.

In Richard's thirteenth year the home was broken up and he was sent to live with another family so that he might still remain in school. As he had no home restraints he fell into dissolute habits, young as he was. The next year at Easter he was confirmed but probably had little respect for the ceremony. At last he acted so badly that he had to leave school and as the family were together again he went back to Leipsic. He gave up all regular school work and determined to be a poet. His first production was a thrilling tragedy, called "Lenbold and Adelaide." The heroine is a young lady who is already engaged to be married. The hero is an infuriated lover who climbs up to her window. She grapples with him and hurls him down into the courtyard which kills him. At the funeral she goes crazy and falls dead on his body. Do you wonder his

ELEVENTH EVENING—WAGNER

sister Rosalie laughed at him and burned up his tragedy? This did not discourage him. He next wrote a great Shakespearean tragedy made up from Hamlet and Lear, with forty-two characters in it and he got so excited with his own story that he killed them all off in the third act and then had to introduce them as ghosts in the fourth, in order to finish the play.

At last Richard began to write in real earnest, and Rosalie, who was a good pianist, and Clara, an excellent singer, helped him. He was greatly excited by the opera of "Der Freyschütz," of which you have been told, and though he had not yet taken piano lessons he played the whole overture. At twelve he began playing everything he could lay his hands on. He even went into debt in order to buy music and at last got so extravagant that the family held a kind of council of war and decided to let him take lessons in harmony. He did not care much for studying any special instrument. What he most desired was

IN MUSIC LAND

to study composition. He was next carried away with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and arranged it for the piano. One night he went to the theater where one of his sisters was engaged and heard a great singer, Wilhelmina Schröder-Devrient, in Beethoven's opera of "Fidelio." He was so overcome with it that he wrote the singer a letter saying that from that moment life had some significance for him and that if in days to come she heard his name praised she must remember that she had that evening made him what he wished to become. But Richard went through another period of dissipation before he settled down to work. Gambling became such a passion with him that he even took his mother's pension money and risked it on the gambling table. Fortunately he won and repaid her, but from that moment gambling lost its fascination for him. He now began to work industriously and succeeded so well that his teacher said to him: "What you have mastered is independence."

ELEVENTH EVENING—WAGNER

That independence is shown in all his works and in all his ways of life. His first two or three operas were written in the old style, that is, in the Italian style, with a solo here and a duet there and then a trio or quartette with a chorus, each of them set to some distinct melody, but at last he struck out in an entirely new path in which he gave equal prominence to the voices, the instrumentation and the dramatic features, and developed what he called the music-drama. One night he heard a symphony of Beethoven's and he says in a letter: "I thereupon fell ill of a fever and when I had recovered, I was a musician." You could not have helped liking him, for, notwithstanding his aggressiveness and the way in which he sometimes tore men and things to pieces, he was very simple in his habits, fond of fun, and had a kind and sympathetic disposition. It is said that children always liked to be near him.

Here I must leave him, said the Guide, and

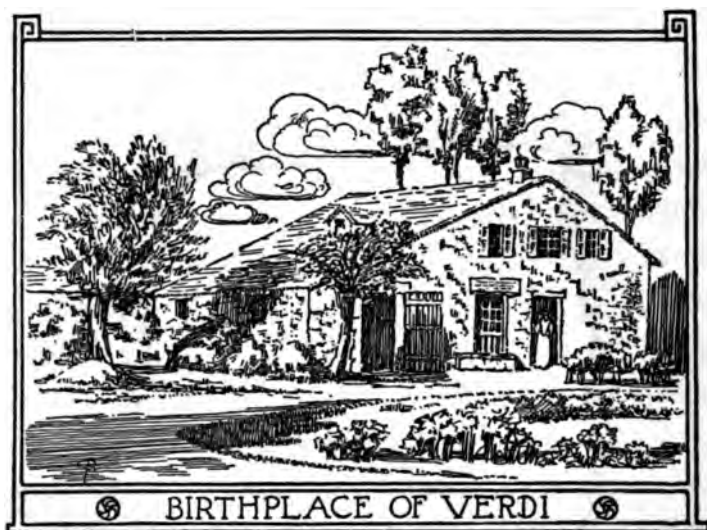


IN MUSIC LAND

on the next evening I shall tell you the story of a great Italian composer who in his old age came under the spell of Wagner and wrote his last three operas much in the same manner.

And as the Guide stood at the door, bidding the Five good-night, a bright star was blazing in the sky. Martha was anxious to know its name and Tom, who is of a scientific turn, was quite sure it was Jupiter. Alice was equally sure it was Venus. Dorothy thought it must be Saturn, but Katherine, who is always conservative, assured them it was simply the Evening Star.

And the Guide said: "Katherine, you are right, for this is just the night for the Evening Star. You will know how fond of it Richard was when you hear Wolfram sing about it in 'Tannhauser.' "



TWELFTH EVENING—VERDI

Boyhood of Verdi—Passion for hand-organs—Quarrel with his spinet—A sad adventure at Mass—Becomes an organist—Secures good friends—Is sent to Milan to study—Conservatory refuses him admittance—Becomes Italy's greatest operatic composer.

AS this was to be the last of the boyhood stories, unusual preparations were made to celebrate the occasion. The Five brought a regular basket lunch. Dorothy,



IN MUSIC LAND

who is a dabster in sandwich-making, brought a dozen of them, and Katherine, who is a famous fudge-maker, had an ample supply of sweets. Alice had a cake, with the Guide's initials frosted on the top, and Martha, who is very practical, like her Scriptural namesake, came loaded with a package of doughnuts, most as big as herself. Tom had devoted a goodly portion of his Christmas money to the purchase of nuts and raisins, while the Guide provided lemonade and chocolates, as well as the flowers. During the lunch there was much animated discussion about the various boys whose stories had been told by our fireside and a feeling of something like regret was expressed that all had now come to the last of them. And when the lunch was finished and the Six gathered round the fire the Guide told the story of Giuseppe Verdi, the last of the great Italian melodists of the old school, known as "Bel Canto."

Giuseppe was born in the village of Roncole,

TWELFTH EVENING—VERDI

Italy, in 1813, the same year as Richard Wagner. Carlo, his father, and Luigia, his mother, kept a tavern in the village, but as they did not have many guests they had to eke out a living by selling groceries and tobacco. They used to go to Busseto, a town near by, once a week and bring home their supplies which they bought of a man named Barezzi, whose name is given you because he was afterward very kind to Giuseppe and helped him get a musical education. Giuseppe was a good boy but he was somewhat shy and inclined to melancholy and rarely played with the other village boys. The only thing that seemed to rouse his interest in the least was an organ grinder who occasionally came to the village, and whenever this happened Giuseppe would follow him all over the place, little dreaming that one day organ grinders the world over would be playing his pretty melodies.

When Giuseppe was seven years old he had a spinet to play on and he kept it all his life as a



IN MUSIC LAND

souvenir of his early struggles. One day he had an awful quarrel with this spinet. As he was playing, he struck a certain chord which particularly pleased him. The next day, however, he could not find it and this threw him into such a temper that he seized a hammer and began smashing the instrument. He had not gone far, however, before his father heard the noise. When he came into the room and found what Giuseppe was doing he boxed his ears so soundly that he gave up any further idea of punishing his spinet just because he couldn't find a common chord.

"I know just how he felt," said Dorothy, "it was what my papa calls 'the total depravity of inanimate things.' "

"That is a mistake a great many people make, Dorothy," said the Guide. "Inanimate things are never depraved. The trouble is with the depravity of the animate things, either their temper or their ignorance. The chord was there, wait-

TWELFTH EVENING—VERDI

ing for Giuseppe to strike it but Giuseppe lost his temper and struck the spinet.”



GIUSEPPE VERDI

In his seventh year, Giuseppe was allowed to assist the village priest at mass. One day while thus engaged he was so carried away by the organ playing that he forgot his duty. The priest called for water two or three times, and Giuseppe not replying, the priest kicked him so hard that



IN MUSIC LAND

he knocked poor Giuseppe down and then discharged him.

Tom waxed very indignant at this and wanted to know why Giuseppe didn't kick back at the old priest.

"Giuseppe was a very little boy," the Guide replied, "and besides, no boy, big or little, in Roncole would have dared to kick the priest. But he was greatly consoled after all for when his father heard how delighted the boy had been with the organ playing he hired the organist to give him lessons and at the end of that year the organist resigned his position as teacher because Giuseppe knew as much as he did. Two years afterwards, and when he was only ten years old, he played so well that he was appointed organist. Now, if he had kicked the priest, or kicked the organ, because it was depraved, he might not only have never had this position, but he would have been disgraced. You must remember, Tom, that he ought to have brought the water when he was

TWELFTH EVENING—VERDI

told, for that was his duty and it is never well to kick against your duty."

In the meantime, while Giuseppe was playing the organ, on very good terms with the priest, his father decided that he must learn something besides music and sent him to school at Busseto, where he lodged with a shoemaker named Pugnatta. Every Sunday he walked back to Roncole to play the organ. One dark night he missed his way and fell into a canal and would have been drowned had not a woman seen him and called for help. This was not his only escape from death. Italy was at war at this time and Russian and Austrian soldiers passing through Roncole used to get drunk and commit all kinds of outrages. At one time, the women of the village, to save themselves, took refuge in the church, and Giuseppe's mother saved herself and him by hiding in the belfry.

After Giuseppe had been two years at school, Barezzi took a great interest in him and gave



IN MUSIC LAND

him something to do. Barezzi played the flute and a musical society used to rehearse at his house, and Giuseppe was always present at such times. Provesi, the leader, took a great fancy to him and encouraged him to study music, but his Latin teacher, who didn't like Provesi, tried to dissuade him. One day a mass was to be celebrated and Provesi was the officiating priest. As the regular organist could not attend, he allowed Giuseppe to play. When the mass was over, the Latin teacher asked Giuseppe what that beautiful music was he had been playing, and Giuseppe replied that he had just played what he felt. The teacher was so moved by his playing that at last he too advised Giuseppe to study.

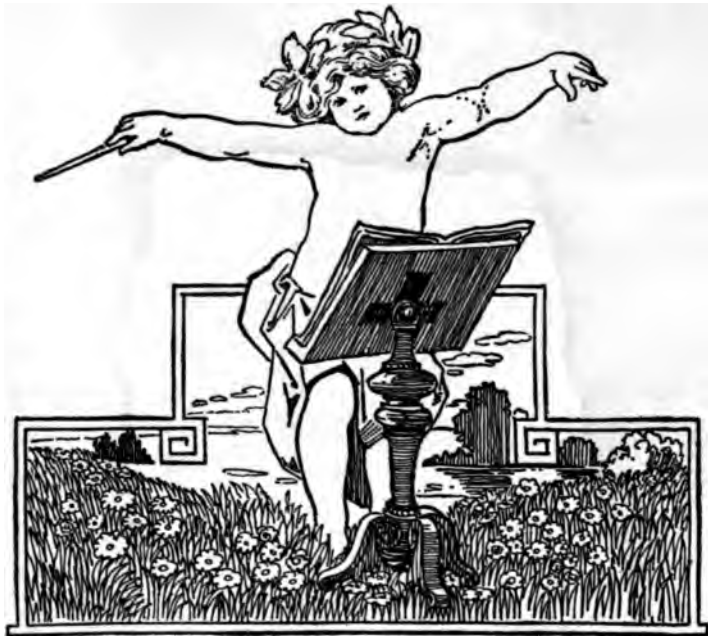
Giuseppe now started for Milan and at the same time for fame and fortune. The people of Busseto, and especially his friend Barezzi, who were very proud of him, advanced him money enough to pay his expenses. It is very curious that he was not admitted to the Conservatory—

TWELFTH EVENING—VERDI

upon the ground that he had no aptitude for music—but this did not discourage him. He stuck all the more closely to his work and took private lessons from distinguished composers. He was now in his eighteenth year. He studied and composed two years longer and then went back to Busseto, where he remained five years. Ere long his operas had made him famous and he became the greatest of all the modern composers in Italy. Probably the Conservatory people in Milan never got over wondering how a man who had no aptitude for music became one of the best known composers in the world. He died in 1902 in the eighty-ninth year of his age and his last opera was written when he was eighty years old. You see, even at that age, he had an aptitude for music.

Tom was of the opinion that the Milan Conservatory professors ought to have kicked themselves.

“Undoubtedly they felt like it,” said the Guide.



THIRTEENTH EVENING—A FAMOUS
BATTLE OF THE FAIRIES
AND THE ELVES

THE fire was burning brightly and the Guide sat gazing at it musingly. The Five assembled promptly and demanded the usual evening story. "A fairy story," said Katherine, "a real fairy story.

THIRTEENTH EVENING

You have told us so many true stories, please tell us a fairy story to-night."

The Guide smiled indulgently, and after a moment's thought replied: "Very well, children, it shall be a fairy story to-night, but you must listen carefully and see how much of it you can remember, for it will be a fairy story with a meaning, and you must try to understand it and see if you can tell what every bit of it means."

Once upon a time, and many, many years ago, a band of lovely little fairies were dancing and singing in a sunlit meadow which was enclosed by a wood. Now, although these were beautiful and graceful fairies, their dance was quite slow, because the song to which their tiny feet kept time was solemn, being in fact chanted, rather than sung.

I must explain that these were not the ordinary, every-day fairies, of whom you have so often heard, but musical fairies, and as you may



IN MUSIC LAND

not know of them I shall tell you how they came to be in the meadow that far-off day. They had been called into being by Pan, the great god of the woods, who played upon a sort of pipe. They were born of the notes as they sprang from that pipe and each one was so complete and perfect in itself that we may call this band the Whole Note Fairies (♫) to distinguish them from all others. The great god Pan had endowed the Whole Note Fairies with immortality. That is, he had told them they would live and help to beautify the world forever.

Now, on this account, old Father Time was very jealous of these fairies. He doubted the power of the magic spells of the great god Pan and thought it was his own right to say how long anything should last which came into this world. So he became very angry and one day he called together a band of wicked Elves of the Wood, and armed them with little scythes, made just like his own big one, but with short blades

THIRTEENTH EVENING

of tough grass for cutting. He then told them to steal-out of the wood into the sunlit meadow, and taking the Whole Note Fairies by surprise, to attempt the destruction of the little band.

These Elves were ugly little fellows and the sight of one was enough to frighten to death a lovely, tiny Whole Note Fairy. Of course they wore tight little green suits, and sharp little peaked caps, and with their scythes in their hands they were indeed a horrid sight. They crept quietly out of the wood, hidden by the long grass and the ferns, and without warning threw themselves upon the Fairy band, hacking and hewing with their scythes and trying to kill every one of the Whole Note Fairies. But although they were thrown into great confusion and ran hither and thither, not knowing how to defend themselves from such a fierce attack, they could not be destroyed owing to the gift of immortality. Indeed the more the wicked Elves hacked about them with their little scythes, the more

IN MUSIC LAND

Fairies there were for them to cut up and all they could do was to mutilate or alter them so that they took new forms and shapes. To be sure, they cut some Fairies in bits, lamed others, and made all sorts of changes in them, but not one was entirely destroyed. Instead of that, a Whole Note Fairy (○) when cut in two simply became two Half Note Fairies (♪ ♪), and if cut in four parts, four Quarter Note Fairies (♪ ♪ ♪ ♪). And if one of the newly made Half Note Fairies were cut in two it became two Quarter Note Fairies (♪ ♪), a Quarter cut in two became two Eighths (♩ ♩), an Eighth, two Sixteenths (♫ ♫), a Sixteenth two Thirty-seconds (♫♫) and so on, into more divisions than your eyes would have been able to follow.

Just imagine what a crowd was soon running about where only a few Whole Note Fairies had originally been! Do you wonder that the band of wicked Elves became discouraged and flew to the depths of the wood, where they hid them-

THIRTEENTH EVENING

selves under lichens and toadstools to escape, if possible, the anger of old Father Time?

Of course you are anxious to know what became of the poor little Fairies who were left in such confusion when the Elves retired to the wood. As I have told you, none of them were destroyed but a great many curious things had happened to them and some were very badly injured. Several had been knocked quite *Flat* (♭) and these were afterward a half tone lower than they used to be. Some had been beaten until they were *Sharp* (#), and as you may guess these were always half a note higher than they were before. Some Fairies had one eye (◡) on top of their heads, instead of where it ought to be, which caused them to *Pause*, and look a long time before going onward. Others had little *Dots* (.) of matter trailing after them, a finger or a toe, perhaps, which made them half as long again as they were before. A few had the little sharp caps (^) of the Elves on their heads, picked up



IN MUSIC LAND

in the confusion after the skirmish, and which greatly *Accented* their odd appearance. Many were quite lame and joined themselves together in odd groups that they might help each other (♩♩♩) instead of going separately (♪♪♪). Of these some were quite dignified but others cantered along with a queer uneven gait, a Sixteenth Note Fairy joined to an Eighth and then the Sixteenth and two Eighths (♩♩ ♩) or some such arrangement. Those who have made a study of the Musical Note Fairies have come to call this odd movement *Syncopated Time*, but you children may know it better as "Rag time."

But now I must tell you the saddest part of this story. Some of the Note Fairies, who could not be destroyed, because they were immortal, were nevertheless so badly injured that they could not sing or make a sound again. They lay prostrate on the grass, apparently lifeless. But I cannot impress it too strongly that they were not dead and that to-day each of these little


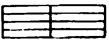
THIRTEENTH EVENING

Fairies is just as beautiful and just as important to the Musical Band as any Singing Note Fairy. They are called *Rests*, and they are like some sweet and quiet people who do not talk much, but whom we could not do without, because they spend all their time keeping harmony in the world about them. There are Whole Note Rests (—) and Half Note Rests (—) and Quarter (×) Eighth (∩) and Sixteenth (∩) just as there are Singing Note Fairies with those names, and each one has as important a place in the song.

Now I must go back to our story and tell you the outcome of this battle and all the trouble into which it threw the Musical Note Fairies. I must tell you of Apollo, another great god of that day, who ever since that time has been called the God of Music. Apollo was very fond of the singing of the Whole Note Fairies and often went to the meadows to listen. On the day of the battle he happened that way and hearing the strange din from afar immediately hurried to

IN MUSIC LAND

the dreadful scene. You can imagine his horror when he saw hundreds and thousands of Note Fairies running wildly about the meadows, without time, tune or reason. The poor *Rests* were lying on the ground, and the *Accents* jumping on their prostrate bodies. The *Sharps* were shrieking way above the pitch and the *Flats* groaning dismally out of tune. It sounded as though the *Sharps* and *Flats* had *Doubled* their voices ($\times\flat$) and that they never could become *Natural* (\natural) again.

I hate to think of this awful scene and do not wonder that at first Apollo put his fingers in his ears to shut out the horrid racket. But a great god like this one could not long remain helpless even in the face of such a difficulty. He soon put on his thinking cap and planned a way to reduce all this confusion to harmony. The first thing he did was to build a *Stave* or sort of fence , afterward bracing it with *Bars* . Then with many directions

THIRTEENTH EVENING

and signs he marshaled all this host of Note Fairies upon it, giving each his due time and position. This took many a *Shake* (. ~) and *Turn* (∞), but was finally accomplished, and only a few tiny Note Fairies were left without time or place, but they quickly allied themselves with other Fairies and made such a pretty sound that they have come to be known as *Grace Note* Fairies. As I have told you, the *Rests* were no less important than the notes.

When the last Note Fairy was settled in his place on the *Stave*, Apollo stood before them and directing them as to the time and motion taught them a new Song. To his great joy he found that it was a much more beautiful and varied song than the Note Fairies had ever been able to make before. Instead of merely chanting they seemed to trip, dance, sob, cry and rejoice, in fact, do all the things which gods and people think and do. You can imagine how pleased Apollo was. If you come to understand it you



IN MUSIC LAND

will be just as pleased yourselves when you hear the Note Fairies sing and dance.

From this you see that the plan of old Father Time, which seemed so wicked, brought us only good in the end, and it often happens this way in other things. Everything turns out harmoniously and for the best, and it is only when little folks disregard the instructions of Apollo and the music teacher that we seem to hear again the Battle of the Elves and Fairies.



FOURTEENTH EVENING MUSICAL FORMS

Origin and Structure of the Opera, Oratorio, Symphony, Sonata, Symphonic Poem, Concerto, Chamber Music, and Minor Forms.

ON the next evening the Guide said to the Five: "Now I have done with true stories and fairy stories and I will tell you some of the prominent facts about Music Land which you ought to know. Perhaps they will not be as entertaining but I shall try to give you some idea about important matters connected with music which may help you to understand them, at least in a general way, when you meet them. To-night I will tell you the meaning of the Opera, the Oratorio, the Cantata, the



IN MUSIC LAND

Symphony, the Sonata, the Concerto, and other vocal and instrumental compositions. The next evening I shall tell you all about the Orchestra, and at our last meeting I will give you definitions of some of the more common musical terms so that you can understand and speak the language of Music Land."

THE OPERA.

The Opera is a drama set to music. You will remember Wagner called his operas music-dramas. Of course music is the principal feature of the opera, but it also combines the poetical and the spectacular. The poetical part is called the Libretto, though it isn't always poetical and is sometimes very commonplace and sometimes silly. The opera in its usual form has an Overture, or introduction to the first act, and sometimes has introductions to the other acts, called Entr'actes or Intermezzos. It also has solos, duets, trios, quartettes, quintettes, and sometimes sextettes, and usually choruses,

FOURTEENTH EVENING

though some of the modern operas do not strictly follow this system but are composed of recitative or dramatic declamation set to an accompaniment. In some of the older operas the recitative was spoken instead of sung.

There are three general classes of opera, Grand, Romantic, and Comic, and these are also subdivided into *opera bouffe*, which is usually light and vivacious in music and burlesque in subject and often very vulgar; *opera buffa*, an Italian form, very light and somewhat extravagant; operettas, or little operas of a humorous kind, like "Pinafore"; and ballad operas, which are usually composed of ballads and folk songs joined together with spoken dialogue. Grand opera deals with serious subjects, poetical, heroic or tragic, treated in a grand and dignified manner, like "Aïda," "L'Africaine," "The Prophet," for instance. The romantic opera, on the other hand, deals with supernatural subjects, introducing fairies, gnomes and demons,



IN MUSIC LAND

and sometimes with subjects that are purely fanciful or imaginative, as for instance in "Der Freyschütz" and "Oberon." The comic opera, or *opera comique*, which is a great favorite in France, is of a light and humorous character and ends pleasantly, unlike grand opera, which almost always ends tragically.

The opera is almost as old as the drama. Indeed some of the old Greek tragedies were given in something like operatic style, accompanied by choruses, with lyre and flute music, but the first regular opera was "Dafne," written in 1597, by Jacopo Peri, at Florence, Italy. It was never given in public, however. The first opera which was publicly performed, was written by the same composer and called "Euridice," and was given to celebrate the marriage of Marie di Medici and Henry Fourth of France. If you wish to see how its music was written, and how its libretto looks, you will find both of them in the great Newberry Library in Chicago. But it was several years

FOURTEENTH EVENING

before the opera in its present form was known. It had to wait for the advancement of musical knowledge and a greater knowledge of instrumentation before it took anything like a fixed shape. The composers who have made the most radical changes in its form are Lulli and Rameau in France, and Gluck and Wagner in Germany, and to-day Strauss, Debussy, Steinberg and others are seeking to make still more musical changes which may alter its form entirely.

THE ORATORIO.

The Oratorio might be called sacred opera only it is not put upon the stage to be acted. It resembles the opera in its form, being written for solo voices and chorus, accompanied by full orchestra and sometimes the organ. It also has recitatives connecting its solo and choral parts. The subjects are usually taken from the Scriptures. The predecessor of the oratorio was the Miracle Play of the twelfth century. Some of these were very curious. I must tell you the



IN MUSIC LAND

funny story of one called "The Deluge." When Noah and his family come to the ark he has a great deal of trouble with Mrs. Noah. She doesn't want to go aboard and says she would much rather stay ashore and have a good time with her friends, even if she gets drowned, but she doesn't believe it is going to be much of a shower anyway. When Noah insists she shall go aboard, Mrs. Noah gets very saucy and tells him to go and get another wife if he wants to. Noah keeps on insisting but she grows more and more obstinate. Thereupon Noah at last gets mad, calls her a devil, and orders her to come aboard. Her friends urge her to stay ashore and have a good time. Shem at last comes to his father's help and carries Mrs. Noah aboard by main force. Noah is so delighted that he begins to laugh at her, whereupon she gives him a sound box on the ears, but at last she quiets down and gets reconciled when she sees the water rising so fast and her lady friends drowning

FOURTEENTH EVENING

An Italian named Neri, who was the founder of a congregation, greatly improved these miracle plays and used to give them in the oratory, or prayer-chapel of his church, whence we have the name "Oratorio." The first genuine oratorio was written by an Italian named Cavalieri in 1600. He set a drama to music representing the Soul and Body, the characters besides these being Time, Human Life, the World, Pleasure, and the Intellect. His orchestra was a very simple one, consisting of a lyre, a harpsichord, a double guitar, and two flutes. Pleasure appears with two companions playing very gayly upon instruments. The Body wears a gold collar, gay feathers, and many ornaments which it eventually throws away. The World and Human Life are also richly dressed, but when they are stripped of their gay costumes they look very wretched, and at last become repulsive corpses. It is somewhat curious that in the performance of this oratorio there were four



IN MUSIC LAND

dancers who cut up all sorts of capers but at the end of the work they danced in a very solemn and reverent manner. The greatest oratorios were written by Handel, Haydn, Bach and Beethoven, and of these "The Messiah" and "Creation" are still great favorites. Still later, Mendelssohn wrote "St. Paul" and "Elijah," which are often given, but as a rule oratorio performances in this country are rare.

THE SYMPHONY.

Symphony is derived from a Greek word and means "with sound." As we know it now it is a composition for full orchestra and is generally divided into four movements, or sections: first, an Allegro; second, an Andante or Adagio; third, a Scherzo or Minuette; and fourth, an Allegro Finale; and in each of these movements there are a certain number of themes or melodious passages, which are stated and then worked up in various ways according to the skill of the composer. As you get farther into Music Land, you

FOURTEENTH EVENING

will understand the process of making a symphony. In the very old days the symphony was a much simpler composition. It meant at first an introduction to any vocal piece. Indeed whenever instruments were played in connection with a vocal piece, it was called "symphony." Sometimes overtures were called "symphonies" and the term was also applied to fantasies and concertos and even to dance movements.

Haydn was the first to develop the modern symphony by dividing the instruments into the present group of strings, woodwinds, brasses and percussion. These terms you will understand when I tell you about the orchestra. Then Mozart carried the work still further and Beethoven greatly enlarged its scope and wrote nine symphonies which are just as fresh to-day as they were when he wrote them. After him followed the romantic school of the symphony, of which the leaders are Schumann, Schubert, Raff, Tschaikousky and Mendelssohn. The last



IN MUSIC LAND

two great symphony writers were Brahms and Bruckner.

THE SONATA.

I will tell you in a little more detail about the construction of the Sonata because it was the predecessor of the symphony—the earliest ones having been written about 1640. As a whole the sonata is what its name signifies—a sound piece—just musical sounds arranged in a given form and never accompanied by words. They are usually written for a single instrument, the piano, violin or organ. Like the symphony, the sonata is divided into movements, generally three and sometimes four, in which case the fourth is a Scherzo, or Minuette and Trio. In my last talk with you I shall give you a little dictionary which will explain these terms.

The first movement of the sonata is usually an Allegro, sometimes with an introduction. The second is a slow movement between an Andante and an Allegro; and the third, an Allegro.

FOURTEENTH EVENING

Each movement has its themes and they are worked up as in the symphony. When you come to study Harmony and Counterpoint you will understand this more in detail.

The earliest sonatas only had one movement and were really airs arranged in parts for an instrument. Then came sonatas of two different kinds, one called *Sonata di Chiesa*, or Sonata of the Church, which was a slow movement intended for church service; and the other, *Sonata di Camera*, or Sonata of the Chamber, which was adapted to dance music and had an increased number of movements. At last a regular form was fixed for the sonata by Haydn and Mozart and perfected by Beethoven. The first movement of the modern sonata usually has ten themes in different keys; the second, two in contrast with those of the first; and the third, lighter than either. Now and then you may hear of a Sonatina. This is a little sonata, very short and simple.



IN MUSIC LAND

THE SYMPHONIC POEM.

The Symphonic Poem might be called a story-telling symphony, but it is not written in any rigidly fixed form, like a sonata or a symphony. It is always in one movement and for full orchestra. It has different tempos according to the expression required, or the moods of the story it tells. Sometimes it has themes like a symphony. Its general character is mostly poetical and it belongs to the class called "programme music," which means music with a story to tell instead of having to depend upon itself for effect. Sometimes it is called a tone poem, which is a better name, because it is not in symphonic form.

THE CONCERTO.

The Concerto is written for one instrument, like a piano, violin or violoncello, and sometimes the organ, with an accompaniment by the orchestra. Sometimes also it is written for wind in-

FOURTEENTH EVENING

struments and the harp. It is usually in the form of the symphony.

CHAMBER MUSIC.

Chamber Music is a term applied to music to be played in a small hall or room. It was originally intended for a single instrument or voice, and its earliest form was dance music. Indeed when you get more thoroughly acquainted in Music Land, you will be surprised to find what an influence the dance has had on all kinds of music. The term now applies to a musical combination, sometimes a piano, violin, second violin, and violoncello, and sometimes the four strings together. Trios, quartettes, quintettes, and sometimes even sextettes, septettes and octettes, are played as chamber music.

MINOR FORMS.

I will now briefly give you some idea of the minor forms of music. The Suite, when it was first known, in the Seventeenth Century, was



IN MUSIC LAND

merely a combination of dance rhythms. It is now frequently a single movement, like a symphonic poem, but not so elaborate or complicated, and is written occasionally in sections when it describes various parts of a story or scene of nature.

The Cantata originally was a melody for a single voice, telling a story but without action. Gradually more instruments were used and it grew more complicated. The modern cantata means a choral work with solo voices and orchestral accompaniment and its music is either sacred or secular, according to the story it illustrates.

The Rhapsody is a composition without regular form. Liszt, whose story I have told you, wrote fifteen of them, called Hungarian Rhapsodies and when you hear any one of them you will have an excellent idea of them. They are made up of melody after melody, treated according to the fancy of the composer.

FOURTEENTH EVENING

You all know what a Song is, but perhaps you do not know that it is the oldest form in Music Land, and that folk songs, or peoples' songs, are the origin of all our modern music, and that of all music it is the form that appeals most directly to the heart. When you study German you may read "Immensee," at least I hope you will, for it is one of the loveliest short stories ever written. In this story Elizabeth asks Reinhart who writes these beautiful songs, and he replies: "They are not written at all. They appear spontaneously and float about in the air like gossamer. Our own feelings and emotions are expressed as vividly in them as if we had written them ourselves. They are the old primeval tones of Mother Nature. They sleep in the forest. Only God knows who awakens them."

The Ballad resembles the song but always tells a story. In the old days it used to be sung while dancing. Nowadays it is very simple in its form, but when it is written, as sometimes



IN MUSIC LAND

it is, for playing on the piano, it is often quite complicated.

You will not often meet the Madrigal in Music Land as it is an old-fashioned form and indeed of very ancient origin. The term was first applied to a certain kind of poem. The troubadours were the first singers of the madrigal and afterwards it found its way into the church. Its subject is usually rustic or about love and it is sung by a small chorus without accompaniment.

The Barcarole is a boat song and originated among the Venetian gondoliers. That pretty song, "Row, Brothers, Row," is a good example of it.

The Berceuse is the first song any one of you ever heard. It was sung by your mother as she rocked the cradle and when you are as old as the Guide, you will wish you could hear her sing it again.

The Fantasie is a very old form and used to

FOURTEENTH EVENING

be quite complicated. The term now is applied to pieces not important enough to be called symphonic poems and not descriptive enough for rhapsodies or overtures. They are really flights of fancy taking any shape to suit the composer's mood.

The Glee is an old-fashioned form, written usually for male voices with a solo part, and sung without accompaniment, the subject being cheerful, humorous or serious as the composer chooses.

Some day you may hear Passion Music, especially Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew." It is the history of the Passion of our Lord, set to music and, like an Oratorio, consists of solos, dialogue and chorus.

At our next meeting I shall tell you of the Orchestra which plays so important in nearly all these forms of music which you will meet in Music Land.



FIFTEENTH EVENING THE ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra—Its Origin—The Classic Orchestras—The Conductor, Concertmaster and Librarian—String, Wood-Wind, Brass and Percussion sections—Description of Instruments.

THIS evening I shall have much to say, for the Orchestra is the most important of all the things you will meet in Music Land. It derives its name from a Greek word, meaning the place occupied by the dancers in those old days. It has come now to be applied not only to the place in a hall where the players are but to the players themselves, and sometimes

FIFTEENTH EVENING

to their instruments. The classic or old orchestras which were much smaller than those of to-



THE VIOLIN



THE DOUBLE BASS

day, comprised five or six violins and the other string instruments in proportion, two flutes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two or four horns, three trombones, two trumpets, and kettle-drums. They sometimes had the piccolo, English horn, and double bassoon. Haydn and Mozart wrote for these small orchestras, but Beethoven consid-



IN MUSIC LAND

erably enlarged the number of instruments. Wagner increased them still more and Richard Strauss, in addition to all these, had instruments made to produce strange noises which he calls music. But even in the past there were some very large orchestras. At a monster concert, given in London in 1784, as a testimonial to the memory of Handel, the orchestra numbered one hundred and fifty strings, six flutes, twenty-six oboes, twenty-six bassoons, one double bassoon, twelve trumpets, twelve horns, six trombones, four drums and besides these, there were two organs—two hundred and forty-seven instruments in all. The largest orchestra I have ever heard was one organized about fifty years ago by P. S. Gilmore, a band leader, for a Peace Jubilee in Boston. That orchestra numbered one thousand pieces and had to be a large one because the chorus numbered nearly ten thousand voices, but it did not make so much music as it did noise. The modern orchestra, besides the instruments

FIFTEENTH EVENING

already mentioned in the classic orchestra, has the English horn, bass clarinet, double bassoon,



THE ALTO OBOE
OR ENGLISH HORN



THE OBOE

tubas, harp, bass and snare drums, cymbals, triangle, castanets, carillons, celeste, gong and xylophone.

The leader of the orchestra is called the Conductor, and he is absolute master of his little army. It is his duty to organize and combine



IN MUSIC LAND

his players in such a manner that they might be called one great instrument upon which he plays. He must study the score and ascertain the meaning of the composer and then interpret the music as the composer intended. He must give the players the time, the signal of attack, and the meaning of the melody. He must produce the music with the proper color and effect of light and shade. He must have various signals for expression and for the increase or decrease of tone by gestures with a baton. The Baton is a very little wand but it has great effect when skillfully used. He also has to hold rehearsals and see that the parts for the players are properly marked. In fact, he is the general of the little army which he leads with his little baton. His chief of staff is called the Concertmaster. He sits at the head of the first violin players, immediately to the left of the conductor, and is in reality the medium of communication between the conductor and his players in many ways. He

FIFTEENTH EVENING

has to play any violin solos which may occur in the music. He must not only be a good player,



THE BASSOON



THE CLARINET

THE BASS CLARINET

but a good reader. His position is a very important one and you might almost call him an Assistant Conductor. He can help or mar the performance more than any other player, although the horn, cornet and kettle-drum players, have great opportunities in the same direction.



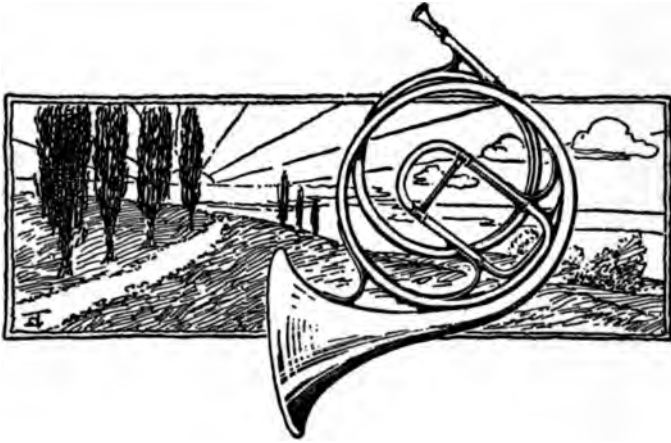
IN MUSIC LAND

Each group of players has its own leader and he is called the Principal. The Librarian is a kind of major-domo. He has to keep the scores in their proper places in the library, know at any moment where any one out of hundreds is, keep the parts in order, for the players have only their own parts in a concert, not a full score (this the conductor has), see that these parts are on the players' desks in their proper order, attend to the seating of the men, arrange the conductor's desk, see to the entrance and exit of artists who may assist—in fact have everything in apple pie order at every concert so that there shall be no hitch in the performance. In reality he is the servant, the butler and the man of all work in the family. He is rarely praised, and never has a notice in the papers, but is a very convenient target for blame when anything goes wrong.

The modern orchestra is divided into four groups, or sections:—the strings, wood-winds,

FIFTEENTH EVENING

brasses, and percussion, or “the battery.” The string section, which is the most important one,



THE HORN

includes first violins, second violins, violas, violoncellos, and double basses, which correspond to the tones of the human voice, thus: first violins, soprano; second violins, alto; violas, tenor; violoncellos, baritone; and double basses, bass. The wood-wind section includes clarinets, flutes, oboes, bassoons, bass clarinets, double bassoons, English horns and piccolos. The brass section

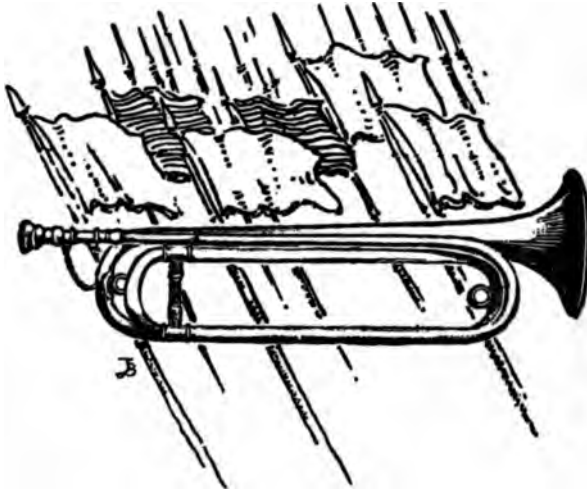


IN MUSIC LAND

includes horns (usually called French horns), trumpets (or their substitutes, cornets), trombones, tubas and bass tubas. The percussion section includes tympani (or kettle-drums), bass and snare drums, triangles, cymbals, tambourines, castanets, carillons, gongs and xylophones. As I have just said, the percussion section is called the "battery" and it is very well named, for when these instruments are in full action the conglomeration of sound is not unlike a vigorous cannonade. There are other instruments which are sometimes used in the orchestra, such as the viol d'amore, basset horn, post horn, hunting horn, fife, saxophone, sax horn, chromatic trumpet, bugle, euphonium, Chinese pavilion, etc., but they are so rare as not to need description. The harp, though one of the most ancient of instruments, is stringed, and can hardly be classed with any of the groups, but at the same time it is a very important, sweet and graceful member of the family.

FIFTEENTH EVENING

The Violin is one of the oldest instruments in Music Land. In the orchestra they are divided



THE TRUMPET

into first and second, the seconds only differing from the first, in that they are used for filling out harmony by supplying the alto voice. Of course you all know the shape of the violin. It has four strings, tuned to G, D, A and E. The first is called the E string and the fourth the G string,



IN MUSIC LAND

and they rest upon a bridge over the belly of the instrument. There are four different ways of playing them—drawing the bow over the strings; striking the strings with the hair of the bow; striking with the wood of the bow; plucking the strings with the finger, producing what are called pizzicato tones; and playing with the mute attached, the mute being an appliance placed on the bridge, which impedes the vibrations and produces a soft, delicate tone. In addition to its regular tones, the violin is capable of sweet overtones called “harmonics.” There is no instrument that can surpass the violin in rapidity of effect, intense feeling or delicate subdivisions of tone. The Viola is only a larger violin, which is tuned lower and fills in the harmony with a plaintive and somewhat melancholy tone. It is rarely used as a solo instrument. The Violoncello, usually called the ‘cello, is larger still and is the baritone of the string family. As it is too large to be placed against the shoul-

FIFTEENTH EVENING

der, it rests upon the floor between the knees of the player. It is very rich, warm and sympathetic in tone and more closely resembles the human voice than any other instrument. If you observe 'cello players closely, children, you will notice that most of them resemble their instruments in figure, being fat, short and very wide. The Double Bass is the biggest of all the string family and is played by the player standing. Its use is to reënforce the 'cello and it has a broad, rich, deep tone. It is sometimes called the bass viol, or contrabass, and at times is very irreverently designated as the bull fiddle. Unlike the 'cello players, the double bass players are usually tall and lank. These physical distinctions are very useful, for a tall lank 'cello player might find difficulty in manipulating the instrument between his knees and a short, fat, double bass player might find it equally difficult to reach the top of his instrument.

We now come to the Wood-wind section. Of



IN MUSIC LAND

course all of you know the Flute. Like the piccolo, it has no mouthpiece, or reed, but is played by blowing through air holes on the side. It is made of wood, and sometimes of metal, and has a gentle, sweet, warbling tone. It might be called the bird of the family. The Piccolo is a little flute, and is played in the same way as its larger brother, but it has a shrill, piercing tone, which is so lusty that it can be heard above all the other voices in the family, when it is so disposed. It is the smallest member and might be called the baby, especially as nothing can drown its voice when it gets to screaming. The double reed instruments in the wood-wind section are the Oboe, English Horn, Bassoon, and Double Bassoon. The mouth pieces of these instruments are composed of two reeds, which are fastened together and inserted in the instrument, and their vibrations between the lips of the player produce the tone. The Oboe is called the soprano of the reeds. It is a short, conical tube

FIFTEENTH EVENING

ending in a bell. Some of its tones are weak and others shrill and nasal but it can be very jolly or



THE TUBA

pathetic at times, and in the hands of an expert player can even furnish an agreeable solo. It is a very dignified instrument and is highly respected by all the other members of the family, as it gives the "A" for the orchestra tuning. The rest never feel quite ready to start until

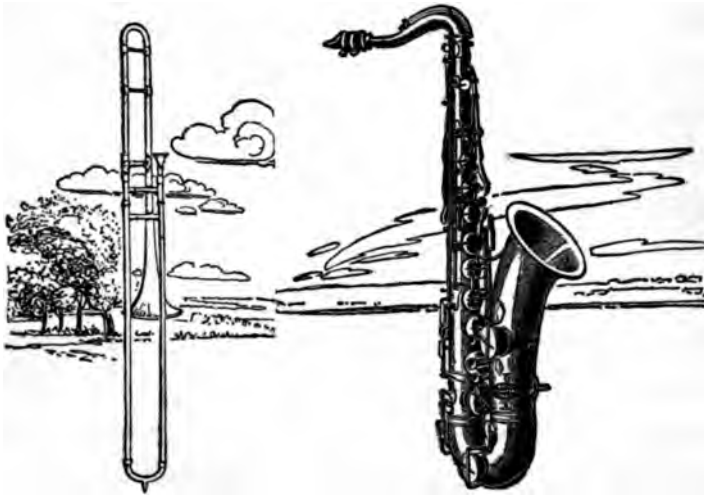


IN MUSIC LAND

they have asked permission of the quiet little oboe. The English horn is curiously named, as it is neither English nor a horn. It is the alto oboe and has the same shape, only it is larger and has a more flaring bell. It is pitched lower than the oboe and has a more pensive, rustic kind of tone. It is never loud or vulgar in company with the others, but if you listen intently you will be delighted with it, especially if, as sometimes happens, it has a few measures to sing by itself. The Bassoon is the bass of the oboe. It is not a very dignified looking instrument and it has not a very dignified voice. If you know how a hand worked vacuum cleaner looks you will have no difficulty in locating it. It is a long, wooden tube, bent double about half its length, the mouthpiece being connected by a metal tube. Its higher and middle tones are not unmusical, but its lower ones are rather grunting and guttural, and sometimes very grotesque. The Double Bassoon, which is to the

FIFTEENTH EVENING

bassoon what the double bass is to the 'cello, is even more uncouth and is sometimes uncanny.



THE TROMBONE

THE SAXOPHONE

The two Bassoons are sometimes called the clowns of the family.

The single reed instruments are the Clarinet and Bass Clarinet. The clarinet holds first place among the wood-winds because of its rich tone and also because composers make great demands upon it. It is shaped like an oboe, but is



IN MUSIC LAND

larger and longer. It is wonderfully effective in expressing sentiment and emotion. Its lowest tones are somewhat coarse and hollow but the others are of beautiful quality and in rapidity of playing it is almost equal to the flute. The Bass Clarinet is a tube bent at the upper end in snake-like form, and it is turned up at the bell. It is an octave lower than the clarinet.

We now come to the Brasses, the noisy members of the family. But they are not all noisy. The horn has a rich, smooth, velvety quality of tone and a quartette of them is very beautiful. Its "open tones" are made by the manipulation of the player's lips and its "closed tones" by closing the bell of the instrument with the hand. The horn is a tube of spiral shape, narrow at the mouthpiece and growing wider at the bell.

The Trumpet is shaped like the cornet, only it is longer. It might be called the soprano of the horn. It is brilliant and clear in tone and very effective in fanfares, pageant music and military

FIFTEENTH EVENING

calls. It is not often heard in orchestras, however, its place being taken by the cornet because it is much easier to play. The Cornet is a very commonplace instrument and has sometimes been called the rowdy of the family. It is a great favorite in theater orchestras and military bands. The Trombone usually appears in threes, the alto, tenor and bass, though the tenor is the one most commonly in use. It is sometimes played with pistons, like a cornet, and sometimes with a slide moved up and down, which varies the pitch. Its tone is majestic and impressive, and in the hands of an expert player it can produce very smooth and delicate effects. The Tuba generally in use is a conical tube with a cup-shaped mouthpiece and valves. Its tone is very deep and intense, but it can also be made very brilliant. The term "tuba" is applied to many other low brass wind instruments. The Saxophone is a conical brass tube with twenty lateral holes and is played by a mouthpiece and



IN MUSIC LAND

single reed like a clarinet. It is mostly used in military bands.

If you are ever in doubt, children, which is the Percussion section of the orchestra, you can recognize it by the noise. The Kettle Drums or Tympani are copper kettles with sheepskin heads, which can be loosened or tightened by screws, so as to sound different notes. They are used in pairs, the smallest being the highest, and one played with sticks having heads made of felt. Their principal use is to accentuate rhythms and heighten effects. The Snare Drum is a wooden cylinder, with sheepskin head and is played with wooden sticks. The rattle is produced by catgut strings across the lower head, and the muffle, such as you hear in a funeral march, by cloth stretched between the strings and the head. It is mostly used in military pieces and marches. The Bass Drum resembles it but is much larger and has no strings. It is played with sticks having stuffed heads and in

FIFTEENTH EVENING

the orchestra it is very useful in imitating thunder, cannonades or very heavy effects.



THE FLUTE

The Cymbals are metal discs which are clashed together and usually accompany the drums. The Triangle is a small steel rod, bent in triangular shape, hung by a string and struck with a small bar of steel. It gives out a tinkling and very musical sound. The Carillons are small steel bars, which, struck by a mallet, produce bell-like tones and a somewhat similar effect is made upon strips of wood in the Xylophone. The Gong or Tom-tom is a big bronze disc and is used in gloomy and tragic



IN MUSIC LAND

music, being struck like the drum. The Tambourine is a wooden ring stretched by parchment, with little metal discs on the rim which jingle like bells. It is thumped with the hand and rolls are made by drawing the fingers across it. The Castanets are two wooden or bone shells united by a string and clicked together in the hollow of the hand. The castanets and tambourine are mostly employed in dance music. The Celeste looks very much like a cabinet organ and has much the same effect as the Carillons but gives out a gentler and more tinkling sound.

The Harp, which I told you is in a class by itself, might be called the hermit thrush of the family because it is a lovely singer. And you must respect it for it is over six thousand years old and you remember how David used to calm Saul with it, and besides this it is the only instrument in the whole family that has got into Heaven, much to the envy of all the others. It

FIFTEENTH EVENING

is a great favorite with the angels. While it is very delicate and refined in character it can at



THE HARP

times be very impressive and even martial. You will remember how exultantly Miriam played it when she celebrated the destruction of Pharaoh's hosts in the Red Sea with her majestic song, "Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea."

... orchestra when you
tunity, and study it well for
grandest of music-makers, &
in the world has been writt
you go, I want to read to you
of the character of the instr
prepared by Mr. Elson, the
on the orchestra you would do

Violin—All emotions.

Viola—Brooding and melanc

Violoncello—All emotions,
where the violin is feminine whe
responsively.

Contrabass—Ponderous. Cæ
tesque if desired.

Harp—Used for celestial m
nosers

FIFTEENTH EVENING

Piccolo—Wild and frenzied gayety. Bacchanalian effects. Infernal music.

Flute—Pensive in lower register, brilliant in upper. Often used to embroider a theme which is given on some other instrument.

Oboe—Rustic, innocent or tearful.

Clarinet—Spectral in lower register, tender in middle register, and fierce in the upper tones.

Bass Clarinet—Dark, somber and spectral.

English Horn—Brooding and melancholy. Like the viola, but a wind tone.

Bassoon—Grotesque and comical. But can be made portentous and earnest. Its upper tones are an expression of human agony and pain.

Contrabassoon—Organ-like. A splendid bass when united to the contrabasses.

Horn—Romantic and tender. Much used for forest or hunting scenes. Its muted tones picture evil or ugliness.

Trumpets—Martial.



IN MUSIC LAND

Cornets—The same, but more flexible and less incisive than the trumpet.

Trombones—Heroic or threatening.

Bass Tuba—Brutal or ponderous.

Kettle-drum—Can sometimes express anxiety.



SIXTEENTH EVENING DICTIONARY OF TERMS

WHEN you get fairly into Music Land, children, and are ready to explore all its pleasant ways, you will find a new and somewhat technical language, used by its people. That you may not miss the way, I have prepared a little guide which will give you the meaning of some of the strange terms you will hear. If you familiarize yourselves with them, it will make the way much easier. There are so many of them that they almost make a language of themselves, but I shall give you only the most common and essential ones. The others will come to you as you need them, but

IN MUSIC LAND

these you ought to know for you will hear them
all around you:

- A Capella*—In church style.
- ✓ *A poco, a poco*—More and more, applied to time.
- ✓ *A Tempo*—In time.
- ✓ *Accelerando*—Gradually increasing the time.
- ✓ *Accidentals*—Sharps, flats or naturals.
- ✓ *Adagio*—Very slow.
- Ad libitum*—At liberty to change time.
- Agitato*—Agitated.
- ✓ *Allegro*—Quick and lively.
- ✓ *Allegretto*—Slower than allegro.
- ✓ *Andante*—Slow and peaceful.
- Andantino*—A little slower than andante.
- Animato*—With animation.
- Appassionata*—Passionately.
- Aria*—A song or melody for one voice with accompaniment.
- Arpeggio*—The notes of a chord struck consecutively.
- Assai*—Enough.
- Bravura*—An aria with florid passages.
- ✓ *Brilliant*—Brilliant.
- ✓ *Brio*—With spirit.
- ✓ *Cadenza*—A passage introduced near the close of a piece in which the performer shows his skill.
- ✓ *Cantabile*—Singing style.
- ✓ *Capriccioso*—Capricious.

SIXTEENTH EVENING

- Clef*—The sign placed at the beginning of a staff showing the absolute pitch.
- ✓ *Coda*—An addition to a sonata or symphony to strengthen the movement, constructed upon a preceding theme.
- Coloratura*—Florid passages in vocal music, like bravura.
- Commodo*—In an easy manner.
- Con sordini*—Played with a mute on the bridge of stringed instruments. Also used to vary tones of brass instruments.
- ✓ *Crescendo*—Gradual increase of sound.
- ✓ *Da Capo*—Repeat from beginning.
- ✓ *Decrescendo*—Gradual decrease of sound.
- Development*—Elaboration of a theme in accordance with given rule.
- Diminuendo*—Decrease of power.
- Divertimento*—A light, pleasing composition.
- Dolce*—Sweet.
- Dominant*—The fifth degree of the scale in harmony.
- Dur*—Major.
- Ensemble*—The general effect of a performance.
- Entr'acte*—Music played between acts of an opera or drama.
- Episode*—Digression from the principal subject.
- Etude*—Study or lesson.
- Extempore*—Improvising in playing.
- Falsetto*—An artificial tone higher than the chest voice.
- Fanfare*—A flourish of trumpets.
- Fioriture*—Ornament in a melody.
- Forte*—Loud.

IN MUSIC LAND

- Fortissimo*—Loudest.
Funebre—Funeral.
Giocoso—In playful manner.
Giusto—Strict, correct.
Grace Note—Ornamental note introduced.
Grave—Solemn and slow.
Imitation—Repetition of a phrase.
Intermezzo—An interlude.
Langsam—Slowly.
Larghetto—Slow but not as slow as largo.
Largo—Slow.
Legato—Bound together.
Lento—Slow.
L'istesso tempo—The same time.
Mezzo—Medium or semi.
Moderato—Moderately.
Moll—Minor.
Obligato—An indispensable instrumental accompaniment.
Opus—A work.
Passage—A phrase of music.
Pianissimo—Very soft.
Piano—Soft.
Piu—More.
Pizzicato—Tone produced by plucking strings with the finger.
Poco—Little.
Postlude—A piece at the end of a scene.
Portamento—Gliding.
Potpourri—Combination of various melodies.

SIXTEENTH EVENING

Prelude—A movement played before any piece.

Prestissimo—Very fast.

Presto—Fast.

Replica—Repetition.

Rubato—Alteration of time.

Scherzando—Lively.

Scherzo—A quick, vivacious movement in a sonata or symphony.

Score—A copy of a work in all its parts.

Sostenuto—Sustaining a tone.

Staccato—Sharp, abrupt, sticking.

Subject—The principal idea.

Syncopation—Changing the rhythm by giving accent to a part of a bar not usually accented.

Tempo—Time.

Tonic—The keynote of a scale.

Theme—Synonymous with subject.

Transition—A modulation or change of key.

Transposition—Altering of key to higher or lower scale.

Tremolo—Quavering effect in rapid singing.

Troppo—Too much.

Tutti—All.

Un poco—A little.

Unison—With same number of vibrations.

Variations—Modification of time, melody or harmony.

Vibrato—Tremulous quality of tone.

Vivace—Lively.

Vorspiel—Prelude or overture.

IN MUSIC LAND

In addition to these terms, you will find many variations of Allegro, Adagio and Andante, of which these are the most frequently used:

ALLEGRO.

Allegro agitato—Excited.
Allegro assai—Fast enough.
Allegro di molto—Very graceful.
Allegro con brio—With spirit.
Allegro con fuoco—Fiery.
Allegro di molto—Very quick.
Allegro quieto—Quick, but steady.
Allegro furioso—With fury.
Allegro ma non presto—Not too fast.
Allegro ma non troppo—Not too fast.
Allegro moderato—Moderately fast.
Allegro vivace—Lively.

ANDANTE.

Andante cantabile—In singing style.
Andante commoto—An uninterrupted andante.
Andante grazioso—Graceful.
Andante maestoso—Impression.
Andante non troppo—Not too much.

ADAGIO.

Adagio assai—Slow enough.
Adagio de molto—Very slow.
Adagio cantabili—In singing style.
Adagio sostenuto—Slow and maintained.



POSTLUDE

THIS is our last evening together, children. I hope that our simple talks have so impressed you that you will not come as strangers, and that when you do come you will be prepared to understand and enjoy Music Land. It is wondrously beautiful. It has no evil. Its art is absolutely pure. Its language is universal. Russian, Norwegian and German words may have no meaning for you but Russian, Norwegian and German music is a language you can understand at once. It may have a different rhythm or a different color and different national expression, but its language is the same, and you will know it because it appeals



IN MUSIC LAND

to the heart rather than to the head, because it is emotional rather than intellectual, because, in a word, you feel it. It furnishes the songs which lulled you when you were in your cradles. It is the one art which above all others enhances the joy of the world, the one which above all others inspires to action, and the one above all others which rests you when weary, which consoles you when sorrowful. You should study it conscientiously, following the highest morals, and love it wisely and well. You can never love it too well. You may not reach its topmost height, but you can so fit yourself by careful training, determined industry, and the faithful study of the best masters that you will be able to recognize its beauty, and appreciate and understand it so well that you can not only give others pleasure, but make it the joy of your own lives, for all its ways are "ways of pleasantness" and all its paths are "paths of peace." No other labor brings such rich spiritual compensation or

POSTLUDE

abundant pleasure. Ruskin beautifully says: "All right human song is the finished expression, by art, of the joy or grief of noble persons for right causes. A maiden may sing of her lost love, but a miser cannot sing of his lost money." There is a music that comes from the head and it has its essential place as the basis of the music that comes from the heart and goes to others' hearts, as no other art can. If you can achieve both you will greatly understand the secrets of Music Land and in some moment of inspiration you may understand what Tram Trist, who wandered in the woods playing the music he heard in the winds and the trees, meant when he said: "All the world surely do go to a tune; now gay, now sad." May the tune never be sad for you. So now at parting I hope you will have as pleasant a fifty years' rambling in Music Land as I have had. Good-night and pleasant dreams of what is in store for you.

The Guide heard the Five chattering together



IN MUSIC LAND

as they disappeared in the darkness, and then all was strangely silent, and there came the feeling that something had gone out of life, something that could not be replaced, something that would never come again, something that can only be remembered or recalled, not felt, when the ripple of a brook or the first spring flower, or a strange perfume brings back a memory of a far-away youth, forever lost in the blue mists that veil the mountains on the horizon of life so far behind one. And then there came to him on the night wind the voices of the children singing as they went, and there was contentment in the thought that he still could make them happy. The fire burned lower and lower and fast dulled into gray embers. He sat a long time musing over them, then lit his pipe, and taking down Hoffman's "Serapion's Brüder" from the shelf, read these words:

"No art, I believe, affords such strong evidence of the spiritual in man, as music, and there is

POSTLUDE

no art that requires, so exclusively, means that are purely intellectual and ethereal. The intuition of what is highest and holiest, of the intelligent Power which enkindles the spark of life in all nature is audibly expressed in musical sound. Hence, music and song are the utterances of the fullest perfection of existence—praise of the Creator.”

A few sparks sputtered up the chimney and the fire was dead. Then came a little feeling of envious longing as the Guide thought of the pleasure in store for the Five just entering Music Land, through which he had roamed for fifty years, but it disappeared as he thought he might still go with them a little way as their guide and enjoy their enjoyment. And, as he replaced Hoffman upon the shelf, good old Bishop Berkeley, Serapion’s next door neighbor, said:

“Of Youth we can have but to-day,
We may always find time to grow old.”

Some consolation in that, he thought. And

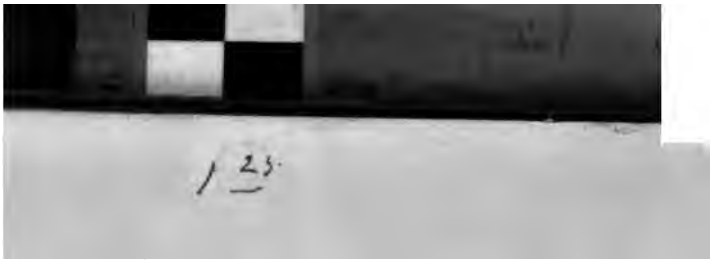


IN MUSIC LAND

then he put out the light and slept, and a dream slid into his sleep of six children rambling through Music Land instead of Five, for the Guide was a boy again and all the days were sunny.

THE END





DATE DUE			
NOV	17	1985	

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305

